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WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

BY JOHN HAY.

THERE'S a happy time coming
When the boys come home,
There's a glorious day coming
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sun-burst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms, and caress them,
And pray god to bless them,
When the boys come home.

Thinned ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms be dusty
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them
When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissever
From the nation's heart forever
When the boys come home.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington,

FRANK MORDAUNT—COMEDIAN (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LOVE OF MANY YEARS.

When Bamfylde heard that voice he could not at first realize to himself the truth. For a moment he ventured to hope that he was mistaken. He hoped that some other woman steeped in misery might be singing her old familiar tune in accents like to hers. But there were intonations which he could not mistake. He rushed out. He was not in error.

There stood Flora, with pale face and wild eyes, but still beautiful, singing with trembling accents the old song they had loved. He approached and took her hand.

"Flora," he said, "why is this?"

She glanced at him with a painful, affrighted stare.

"Why are you here," she murmured.

Then she turned as if to fly. He detained her.

"Stay, Flora," he said; "do not fly from me. I was was once your lover—since, I have been your friend. I may be able to aid you."

She answered not. Words would not come to her, but tears welled up in her eyes, and she bowed over her child and wept bitterly.

"What has brought you to this, dear Flora?" he said, as he drew away, knowing well that the curious eyes of the landlord and his guests were upon them.

She hesitated for a moment.

"Fear not to tell me," he said. "I hope to be able to aid you."

"It's Herbert's fault," she said. "He got into bad company and took to drinking, and everything, since then, has gone to rack and ruin. Now he's down with sickness, and there's no one to help him."

"But he had friends."

"They deserted him."

"As he might have expected. But has he no money whatever? I understood he was well off."

"Yes; but he has squandered all."

"And what ails him now?"

The tears came afresh. Her voice was almost choked with sobs.

"He's had *delirium tremens*, and he is now almost imbecile. All we live on is what I can earn by singing in the street. No one will give me work, because—because——"

The words seemed to suffocate her. She could not proceed.

"Because of what?" said Bamfylde, in a tone of gentle kindness.

At length it came.

"Because he committed a robbery, and they think I may be a thief, too."

For a moment there was silence

"May I come home with you?" at length Bamfylde asked.

Flora shuddered.

"You are cold, my poor girl," he said, as he glanced at the thin ragged garments which scarcely shielded her tender flesh from the chill blast.

He was wrong. It was not the cold which caused that shiver to run through her form. It was the idea of taking him home to such a horrid den of poverty; the idea of presenting him with such a terrible picture of the misery which followed her faithlessness to him.

"No, no!" she said, "I am not cold. But, oh, Bamfylde! how can I take you home? How can I let you see my home now with him, that you may think what it might have been with you? Let us part here, Bamfylde; it is only misery to us both to meet thus."

"This shall not be," said Bamfylde. "If you refuse to let me come with you, well and good. I do not desire to intrude upon your misery—upon your private sorrows. But, believe me, I cannot leave you thus. You must accept at once some money from me, and must leave with me an address which, at some future time, will find you."

Flora shook her head sadly.

"Of what use would it be, Bamfylde?"

"Of this use: I trust soon to be in a position to afford you substantial help. Now I can put off the evil day. Come, tell me where I can send to you, and I will not ask you to take me home."

In their slow walk they had now reached the end of a long, narrow street, in which scarcely a lamp glimmered. Indeed, there was hardly any light but what came dim and muffled through the shadows from the murky and grimy windows. In the centre ran a wide stream of water, like those one sees in the streets of old Paris, bearing on its bosom the refuse vegetables and other things cast out by the inhabitants of the wretched tenements on either side.

"Come," said Flora, hurriedly; "I will take you home. Perhaps the sight of you may rouse him from lethargy."

Bamfylde shuddered.

Flora glanced at him inquiringly.

He was glancing down the long, narrow lane.

"Is this the street in which you live?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Lead on, then."

She took his hand, and led him along in the darkness until they reached a house where the light glimmered out through the black night from a window on the ground floor.

"This is my home," she said, and entered at once.

There was a bitterness—an agonizing bitterness in her tone. But she left no time for comment. Before he could say a word they were within the room. Small enough, and badly furnished, and miserable it was in all conscience, but the hand of cleanliness and refinement was visible in everything. In a bed near the fire—drawn up close to it, apparently in order to obtain the heat, which could not be obtained by abundant clothing—lay the man who had once been Bamfylde's mortal foe. It would have been a cruel hate, indeed, which could have hated him then. He was but the relic of what he once had been. He had never been handsome—he was now hideous. His red hair was cut short all over his head—his cheeks were sunken, and of a yellow color—his mouth gaped wide, and his eyes glared horribly, when they were not settled into a stony stare. He glanced at Bamfylde uneasily, and turned to Flora.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Don't you know him?" asked Flora.

Herbert Lennox pressed his hand to his brow, wearily, painfully, as if trying to remember something.

"He puts me in mind of long, long ago," he murmured.

Bamfylde stooped down to Flora, who was now sitting by the bedside.

"Is he mad?" he asked.

"No, no," whispered she, "he is not mad; his memory has left him—his mind is weak. Nothing more."

There was silence in the room for a few moments. All the while the sick man lay gazing intently at the visitor.

At length he said: "Ah! I remember now. It is Bamfylde, the Gipsey. What is he here for?"

Bamfylde glanced at Flora uneasily.

"I have made a mistake," he whispered, "in coming here. I am hiding from justice; he will betray me."

Flora smiled sadly.

"He betray you!" she answered. "No, no; fear him not. In an hour he will fall asleep, and when he wakens he will have forgotten you."

"I know why he has come," rambled on the sick man. "He has come to take you away from me, Flora; but you won't go away and leave me will you, now that I am sick and in trouble?"

The man was so humbled that even Bamfylde pitied him, great as was the wrong he had done him.

No, no," said Flora. "Hush, now, and go to sleep."

She talked to him as to a child. Placing her fingers on her lip to enjoin silence, she drew the head of her husband to her breast, and murmured to him a low melodious tune. In ten minutes he was fast asleep, and she laid his head on the pillow.

"See how weak he is," she said, as she drew her chair to the fire.

"One thing I must ask you," resumed Bamfylde; "though I almost fear my words will cause you grief. Where are your other children?"

The woman sighed deeply. The knowledge of what they had been spared made her sorrow for her loss less than it would have been had she lived in the lap of luxury.

"They are dead," she said.

For a few minutes again Bamfylde did not speak.

At length he said, "Well, well—it is all for the best. With a large family around you, heaven only knows how you would get on at all! But I must be thinking of departure, since it waxeth late, and you are early people here in Harborough, I suppose. I have forty pounds, Flora; of these, accept half. I would do more, but I have much to do, and many a weary mile to traverse 'ere I reach my goal, I fear."

He handed her the gold.

"I always carry gold, you see," he added gaily; "for who knows if people might not fancy I had stolen notes"

Flora looked round uneasily.

"Hush!" she said; "speak not so loudly of your money. In this house are living men who would take your life for your gold. In the room next to this are a man and his wife who bear no good reputation."

Bamfylde laughed.

"Oh! I don't fear robbers," he said. "I'm used to being on the *qui vive*. Come, Flora, take the money."

"No, no!" she murmured, "not twenty pounds—not so much as that—you cannot spare it."

Bamfylde rose.

"Nonsense, Flora! keep what I have given you," he said; "and understand me well, that there may be no mistake in the future. Get out of this as soon as possible, and into a better lodging. Use your money sparingly, and write to me at Madame Banovert's, the milliner, 10 Redcross street, London, as soon as you are settled. Promise me this."

"Yes, yes! I promise."

He moved towards the door.

"Let me open it," she said.

She opened it and guided him out into the street. The night was very dark. In the street no one stirred. Strong in his love for Alice, Bamfylde had long conquered his affection for Flora. But as his eyes fell at that moment of parting upon the thinly-clad, wretched figure at his side, he could not resist saying what (had he thought of it) he would have rejected as a cruelty.

"Oh, Flora! it might have been far different."

It was too much for her. As he stood there in the pride of his manly beauty, which no misfortune seemed able to efface, she remembered the moment when they had last stood in the moonlight under the lindens. She remembered how she betrayed him, and yet, in her hopeless sorrow and misery, his was the only hand stretched forth to save her.

"Oh, Bamfylde!" she cried, flinging her arms around him, and sinking for a moment on his breast. "Oh, Bamfylde, Bamfylde!—good, generous, noble that you are!—may heaven bless you!"

Then she sprang away, rushed into the house, and closed the door behind her.

"Poor girl!" murmured Bamfylde, as he moved away—"poor girl! I can say, without conceit, that I could have made her a happier woman."

He proceeded rapidly down the narrow street, and made his way to the "Pig and Grapes," the landlord of which he found whistling merrily to himself as he put up the shutters.

"Ah!" he said, as he espied Bamfylde. "I thought I'd lost you when you started off after the singing woman. She ain't a bad-looking sort, now, is she?"

To this Bamfylde vouchsafed no reply.

"Can I have a bed here?" he asked in a voice which forbade any further impertinence.

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied the landlord, who merely thought his customer somewhat stuck-up.

So Bamfylde remained at the inn that night, and all next day, too, for he feared to travel in the light. Besides, at eight the next evening the coach started from Hull to Lemerton, which was half way towards Lithroe, the place he had resolved upon visiting. In this place resided the person from whom he had obtained intelligence as to the whereabouts of Amelia Greyton, and in spite of the danger which threatened him in this quarter, it was necessary for him to go thither. So at seven o'clock he set out for his walk of three miles, never looking on either side or behind him, because he knew not that he had cause to fear. In that spot, at least, he had been unrecognized, and in the darkness his form could be distinguished from that of no other man. Flora had warned him to be careful how he talked aloud of the gold he carried with him. She was right. In such a house—in such a neighborhood, indeed, it was necessary to be careful of one's words.

Scarcely had Flora shut herself in her room to kneel and thank heaven and Bamfylde for her deliverance, when a man issued stealthily from the house. A tall, ill-looking, burly fellow; he was coarsely clad, coarsely made. Convict was written in his sullen eye, in his brutal mouth, in his heavy, yet noiseless tread, in his every look and action. He looked up and down the street, and seeing the retreating figure of Bamfylde Carew, he followed him. Doubtless he reckoned that his victim would make for the open country, and that in one of the dark by-ways a robbery or a murder might be effected with ease. As will have been seen, he was in this prospect signally disappointed, for Bamfylde, after crossing the most frequented parts of the town, entered the "Pig and Grapes," and there remained. But Humphrey Loader did not lose sight of his prey. Twenty pounds in golden sovereigns were things not easily to be got in one "haul." Notes might be had from travellers, but they were traceable, whereas one sovereign was not distinguishable one from another. So all day he lounged about the inn, now and then coming in to have half a pint of beer, and chatting familiarly to the landlord, who answered him politely because he feared him. When evening came, therefore, and Bamfylde sallied forth along the dark bridle-path leading to Hull, Humphrey Loader was at his heels.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OLD QUARRY.

BAMFYLDE, as I have said, walked on unsuspectingly. The light of the setting sun had died away. Twilight, too, had faded into night. Yet Humphrey Loader, clever thief as he was, had it not all his own way. The clear night air had few sounds to carry on its wings, and the two travellers had not gone far along the path before the White Gipsy became conscious that some one was following him. He stopped. Loader stopped also.

"Hullo, my friend!" cried Bamfylde in a loud voice. "Come on. On such a night as this, company is pleasant, but followers are not exactly the thing."

The thief went on.

"All right, my hearty," he said as he advanced. "I'm coming."

In another moment he was by Bamfylde's side. The two walked on together. Bamfylde was quite ignorant of the features of his companion, yet he guessed him to be anything but a friend. He noticed that Loader cast his eyes over his figure, as if to take in his proportions, and he kept his hand firmly upon the handle of his light sword. But Humphrey Loader knew the country better than Bamfylde, he was aware along what perilous spots the road lay. He knew well that ere they reached Hull the path wound round the edge of a deserted quarry, and that in the depths of that abandoned place the most terrible crime might be hidden. The moon now rose above the hills and spread its silvery light over the country round. Bamfylde walked a little behind his companion.

"It's very dark here," he said. "An ugly neighborhood, I must declare."

"It is," replied his companion gruffly. "Are you afraid?"

Bamfylde laughed lightly.

"Afraid?" he said. "No, indeed! You would not talk of fear to me if you knew who I was!"

"The best of us are afraid sometimes," returned Loader.

"You are right, but I fear no one who wears man's shape."

Silence reigned again for some moments. They had now reached a spot where the path was lost amid the grass. Loader stopped suddenly. What followed was the work of an instant. A strong arm seized Bamfylde, he was thrown to the ground, and then found himself swinging in mid-air. For a moment he rushed through the night wind, then his head struck the hard ground, and he became insensible. He had fallen into the quarry. Loader knelt down and looked over with a hideous grin.

"Ah!" he muttered, "I think he's safe now; I've settled him!"

He noted well the spot where his victim had fallen, and then rising, he took his way towards a rude set of steps which had been cut out of the chalky side of the quarry. When he reached Bamfylde's side, he knelt down and shook him. The gipsy gave no sign, he was still quite insensible. Loader felt in his pockets, and was soon the possessor of the much-coveted twenty sovereigns. These being transferred to his own pocket, he glanced meditatively at the fallen man. That moment was a critical one for Bamfylde Carew, for Humphrey Loader was discussing in his own mind whether it would be worth while to cut his adversary's throat. At length he rose up.

"No," he said, as he buttoned his rough coat over his newly-acquired treasure—"no, it ain't worth while to kill him. He don't know me. He couldn't see my face in the dark, and won't be able to identify me. Good bye, old fellow," added the ruffian with mock courtesy. "You'll come round all right by and bye."

He then walked rapidly away and disappeared along the dark bridle-path, long before Bamfylde, recovering like a vampire in the rays of the moon, raised himself slowly on his arm and looked vacantly around him. For a moment he seemed scarcely to comprehend where he was. Then the remembrance came to him of Humphrey Loader's treachery, and the dread truth presented itself to his mind that he was friendless, penniless, and that he had a hundred miles before him. What was he to do? In the position in which he stood, delay was dangerous. Nothing, then, was left to him but to set out on his weary journey and beg his way. And this scheme! With what dangers was it not beset! How many enemies might he not meet in these hundred miles! He felt in complete despair. The robber had not even left him a shilling. There was no use, however, in giving way to such feelings as those which were gradually stealing over him, and rising, he moved away as swiftly as his wounds allowed. Generous Bamfylde! Never once did the thought occur to him that he might return to Harborough and claim from Flora a portion of the money he had given her. Never once—having once proposed it to his mind—did he flinch from the long, weary journey before him. And so he set out on his way, and reached Hull, and passing through its crowded streets, lay down in a barn on its other side to sleep. The morning came. With it came the remembrance that he had no breakfast.

A girl came out of the house, and started as she saw his pale face, from which he had not wiped the stains of blood. She was about to fly, when he detained her by an imploring look and a motion of the hand.

"Stay!" he cried, "I am ill and hungry. Give me something to eat."

His voice was soft and melodious, and the girl smiled.

"I will go in and fetch you something," she answered.

She went in, not closing the door behind her, and remained some time. Presently he heard the pattering of little feet, and little heads peeping out of the doorway, and children's soft eyes scrutinising, wistfully and piteously, "the poor man who had nothing to eat." It was from the hands of one of these little ones that Bamfylde received his first alms, and from that sunny-faced child, whose blue eyes beamed from amidst a clustering [illegible]

curls, they were peculiarly acceptable. Here, at any rate, there seemed no sacrifice of pride. But, then, would all his journey be like this?

* * * * * *

Mr. Hudson sat in his well-furnished parlor. Things had gone badly at Lithroe since Bamfylde's departure. The starving people having lost one of their best and most temperate leaders, committed wild excesses, and the house of the second master builder had followed in the wake of the first. The military had fired on the people again, and many a widow sat in an empty room by the side of the corpse which she had no money to bury, and would not "send to the parish" till the last. Now all was quiet again. The town had been relieved of its riotous population. Some were dead—some had found employment in other towns—some had enlisted in the army. Mr. Hudson's dream was gone.

"Give the Englishman freedom," he would say, "and he will keep it. But the worst of him is that he doesn't know how to get it."

And what he said then is true still. So on that evening he was sitting by his fire, with a volume in his hand, reading, or appearing to read, while his little boy sat on a stool by his feet, looking at a "picture book."

Suddenly a servant announced a visitor.

"Who is it?" he inquired.

"I do not know," said the servant; "he is a strange looking customer, anyhow, and says his name is Harris."

"Harris! Who can he be?" said Mr. Hudson, musingly. Then, after a moment, he remembered.

"Oh yes," he said; "it is one of the poor fellows engaged in the late riots. Let him come in."

In a few minutes the new-comer entered the room. He was a tall, gaunt looking man, with hollow cheeks and sunken, wild-looking eyes. On his head was a rough fur cap; and yet the rest of his clothes were of finer material than is usually worn by men of the working classes. He sat down before he had been bidden on a chair, wearily, as if he had been travelling long. His strength, great as it might once have been, was evidently failing. Mr. Hudson saw this.

"Henry, my darling," he said to his little boy, "fetch the gentleman the wine decanter and a glass from the dining-room, and let him help himself."

The boy did so. The stranger, in whose lineaments it was still possible to recognize Bamfylde Carew, helped himself with the ease natural to one of good breeding.

"Thank you, sir," he said; "that has revived me and given me heart to speak."

"You seem ill, Harris," returned Mr. Hudson. "Where have you been?"

Bamfylde smiled.

"Where have I not been?" he said. "I will, if you will allow me, narrate you my story; for I tell you plainly, I have come to crave your assistance."

Mr. Hudson smiled in his turn.

"That is straightforward, at least," he replied. "Come, tell me your story. I fear it is a sad one, yet I trust not so sad as some might tell. Poor Leasehurst is dead, for instance; he was shot at the burning of Wright's house."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Bamfylde; "they nearly drove him mad."

After a few moment's pause he proceeded. He told his story clearly, unreservedly, keeping to himself only the names of his family.

Mr. Hudson listened attentively and sympathetically, for the manner of Bamfylde was quite enough to convince him that he was telling the truth. When he had finished, he said:

"And now, Mr. Harris, what is it you require of me?"

"I want a few pounds. When I am restored to my rights, they shall be restored to you honorably."

"And why," said Mr. Hudson, as he rose promptly, and approached a desk, "why did you apply to me?"

Good and benevolent as he was, he liked to hear his kindness spoken of.

"Because," said Bamfylde, "I knew no one but yourself to whom a gentleman could apply, in my position, as one gentleman to another."

This was somewhat different to the flattery he usually received; but Mr. Hudson accepted it gratefully. It was the out-pouring of an honest heart.

"Here," he said, returning, "here, Mr. Harris, are ten pounds. I lend them to you because I trust in your honor. Wil you trust in my honor and tell me your name?"

"I can, I think, do little else," said Bamfylde; "but, as you say, I give my name as a sacred deposit. Harris, the leader of Lithroe riots—Bamfylde, the gipsey—must never be identified with me when I am restored to the honors of my fathers. My name, Mr. Hudson, is Bamfylde Moore Carew. If I live, I shall be the seventh baronet of our line."

Mr. Hudson extended to him his hand.

"I trust, sir," he said, "that you may discover the all-important documents, and what is more, that you may be happy with the woman you love."

As he spoke, there was a rush of feet along the passage, and while yet their hands were closed in a grasp of friendship, the door was flung rudely open, and a posse of constables entered. Bamfylde knew well the man who advanced first. Upon his lips was a smile of peculiar meaning, cunning triumph lurked in his eye, and he stood for a moment in silence, gazing at the astonished pair. He had seen Bamfylde Carew as he entered the house, and knew him well. He heard him give his name as Harris, and was aware, therefore, that his prey was doubly secure.

"What means this intrusion upon my privacy?" cried Mr. Hudson, proudly and fiercely.

"We entered unannounced because we feared to lose our game," returned the constable, with a quiet smile. "In the King's name, I arrest you, Geoffrey Hudson, and you, Bamfylde, alias Tom Harris, for high treason. Resistance is useless. Come!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON.

Mr. Hudson was not a man who was liable to strong excitement—that is to say, he scarcely ever allowed the emotions of his heart to be read in his face. When the officers, therefore, entered, announcing that they were to arrest Bamfylde and himself on a charge of high treason, he rose with calm dignity from his chair.

"Gentlemen," he said, "your errand seems a grave one. Will you explain it?"

The man who had first spoken had probably never before been called upon to explain anything; and, feeling himself accordingly incapable of saying anything, returned bluntly, "It ain't my place to explain. My orders is to arrest you and this other party, and convey you both to gaol. You must ask others to explain."

With this gruff reply, Mr. Hudson was compelled to be content. He bit his lip, and then, after a moment, added, "You will, at least, allow me to bid farewell to my family?"

"Certainly, if we are with you."

Mr. Hudson, accordingly, took down his cloak from its peg in the passage, just without, put on his hat, and, with Bamfylde and the officers, entered the front room. The aspect of Mr. Hudson himself was not calculated to reassure any one, but the sight of the officers convinced his wife that he had been arrested. She rushed up to him, and flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, James!" she murmured, "has it, then, at last, come to this?"

When Mr. Hudson had entered, a scene of domestic happiness had presented itself to his view. Mrs. Hudson was seated by the fire, and opposite to her was her daughter, reading, while the little boy frollicked at their feet. Into this scene he had made a rude entry, indeed.

His heart throbbed violently, and it was with difficulty he repressed the rising tears. Strong man and sturdy politician as he was, this was too much for him.

"Edith," he said, in a broken voice, "if I seem agitated it is but because I fear this shock for you. As for myself, the evil will soon be rectified."

"But what is it, James—what is the charge?" persisted his wife.

In those days high treason was death. He feared to tell her.

"It is a frivolous charge, arising out of the late riots," he said; "nothing serious, my love, be assured. It will soon be set right."

"It's high treason, ma'am; that what it is!" cried one of the officers.

A smothered cry escaped Mrs. Hudson's lips.

"High treason!" she gasped. "Great heavens, James,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—We have no recollection of having decided within six years that he who holds four aces cannot win at bluff because he bets on a sure thing. On the contrary, we have repeatedly decided that four aces do win, a "sure thing" to the contrary notwithstanding. We should have omitted the words "no recollection of having" above, and replaced them by an emphatic "*not*," if it were not that we fully recognise the fact that types make one say what he did not write very frequently.

CALEB, Zanesville, O.—This queer querist must be one of the wags of Zanesville, for he puts a question to us of the most absurd sort about billiards, and because we decline to be "got on a string," gets very splenetic. When his question is properly put, we shall take pleasure in properly responding.

FURMAN'S CHUM.—1. Joe Coburn has figured three times in the prize ring, defeating Harry Gribbin and Mike McCoole, and fighting a draw with Ned Price. 2. We can send you his portrait in costume for $1. 3. Jerry Conklin never fought a prize fight to our knowledge.

AMATEUR, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.—If, in billiards, one red ball is pocketed, and the other red is on the pocketed ball's spot, it must remain in the pocket or off the table until the other one is disturbed or moved off the spot by a shot.

AMATEUR, Memphis.—It is a little singular that the gentleman should make such remarks; he is a regular subscriber, and has had his name on the subscription books for some time. There must be some mistake about it.

KENESAW, New Pine Mountain, Ga.—You will find all that is recorded of the father of Tom Hyer in his biography in another part of this paper. We charge nothing for answering correspondents.

QUIBBEE, Hartford.—1. The fighting weight of Jack Nelson and Harry Finegass was about 130 lbs. 2. An advertisement would no doubt get what you want.

SPROUT, Philadelphia.—George Gardner and Bill Tovee's fight was a bar-room turn up; we do not know the number of rounds they fought.

L. T. G., Philadelphia.—1. We can't tell exactly, but our theatrical summary will soon give you the information probably. 2. Advertisement all right.

DIAMOND.—Spaf Hyman is travelling with a side show, but we forget whose circus he is following up. He has the Wild Woman, old Dice.

CHARLIE C., Providence.—1. We cannot give you a list of Dan Rice's company last season. 2. The salary for a gymnast with a travelling circus is $15 per week and board.

L. T. D., Troy, N. Y.—1. The fastest time Fillingham ever made was 2:21 to saddle. 2. Flora Temple is at Baltimore, and her age is about eighteen years.

G. P. FOWLE, Boston, Mass.—The ground having been pretty well covered already, we did not publish your communication. Your hints will be reserved for future reference, however.

NINE OF DIAMONDS, Titusville, Pa.—1. The Keller Troupe disbanded some time ago. 2. We cannot say why the nine of diamonds is so considered.

T. R. R., Philadelphia.—Tom Hyer never fought a prize fight after he defeated Yankee Sullivan. See biographical sketch elsewhere.

GOLD, Boston.—As the specifications appear not to have been clearly understood by either party, we recommend a draw.

D. R. & C. V. R., Cherry Stone, Va.—Heenan, about 180lbs. Sayers, about 152 lbs.

JOHN A. G.—Larry, brother to the late Tom Hyer, died on the 3d of May, 1858; see sketch of the late Chief elsewhere.

CO. D., Brandy Station.—"Morphy's Games" may be ordered from T. W. Strong, 98 Nassau street, price, 37 cents.

C. S. C., Waltham, Mass.—Tom Hyer's mother is not dead, for we saw the lady at her son's funeral on the 26th ult.

A READER, New Haven.—As no one took up A's challenge, the bet is a "stand off."

A MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.—We have no reply to make to any anonymous communication.

W. S. M.—You do not say whether "Spinning" is original with you or not.

J. F. N., Detroit.—It is purely a business matter between yourselves, and with which we have nothing to do.

AUGER, Indianapolis.—Items of general interest in the show line are always acceptable. We never consider such things a bore.

CONSTANT READER, Jersey.—We believe the firm you mention is as good as any, but we cannot vouch for any of them.

JOHNNY DRUMGOOLE.—We have a California letter for you.

F. P. P., Enfield, Ct.—We don't see it in that light.

MOTT STREET.—A and B score two points each for the euchre.

FRIENDS.—The ladies you refer to are sisters, and are married.

M. J. K.—Beadle's Dime Base Ball Book is what you want.

T. H., Fall River, Mass.—Coburn's picture forwarded by express.

DULC PIPES.—We know of no such game.

HUNKY D., Philadelphia.—There is no such hotel at Niagara.

NAVY YARD.—Low, Jack, wins.

P. B.—See sketch of Hyer in another column.

J. BOWERY.—The lady is of Jewish descent.

4TH OF JULY, 1864.

ON the 4th of July, in the year 1776, the declaration of our national existence was signed and sealed in the city of Philadelphia, and from that date we have been steadily increasing in prosperity and national importance until the Southern storm broke over us in the spring of 1861, from which time we have been at a stand still. Some of the leading spirits who inaugurated this accursed rebellion have already been sent to their final account, while the balance of them, still alive, are suffering all the torments of hell. The first shot fired against the star's and stripes that floated over Fort Sumter in April, 1861, awoke the people of the North from their lethargy, and was the commencement of one of the bloodiest wars known in the history of the world. The South began this fearful conflict when she opened her batteries on a handful of men in Fort Sumter; the administration undertook to defend our flag and the garrison of Sumter; but the South had long been preparing for this war, and to give way before the feeble resistance made by the gallant little band hemmed in by rebel batteries would only damn their unholy cause at once. They fought, and they conquered; and the loss of hundreds of thousands of human lives is one of the results of their hellish plots. The conflict has been going on for more than three years, and the end is not yet. The South is fast becoming a complete ruin. Devastation is seen on every side, and starvation stares the Southern people in the face. As they sow, so must they reap. This war is one of their own seeking, and the Union people will give them enough of it before they have done. We have never entertained a doubt of the ultimate success of our cause; and although now and then the rebels beat us, yet our armies always finish up the job to the disadvantage of the foe. This time last year Lee and his army invaded the North, and there were some dark days just then, but the hand of Providence "plucked us as a brand from the burning," and the rebel hordes were sent back to Virginia beaten and panic stricken. On the 4th of July, '63, Lee expected to occupy Philadelphia; but he was disappointed. This year, he will have enough to do to prevent our army from celebrating the 4th in the rebel capital, as they celebrated it last year in Vicksburg. We had hoped that this year would have seen the end of the war, and we still believe that it will witness the beginning of the end; but as the enemy are now making their last desperate struggle, they may probably succeed in prolonging the contest a little longer. They have made a good fight in a very bad cause, and that's the best that can be said of them. It is to be hoped that Jeff. Davis will reach the end of his line and the sour apple tree together before another 4th of July dawns upon us. So let us "rally round the flag, boys, rally round the flag, shouting the battle cry of freedom."

REGATTAS ON THE FOURTH.—As we anticipate our usual day of publication, we take advantage thereof to again call attention to the fact that two first class regattas take place on the 4th inst., one at Boston, the other at Cornwall, N. Y., Joshua Ward's place of residence. The committees of both offer very liberal prizes, as inducements for numerous entries, and we hope they will not be disappointed. To lovers of aquatic sport, they will afford great gratification, as a part of the various amusements gotten up for "the day we celebrate," and as the one at Cornwall can be so readily reached by train and steamboat, there should be a large attendance. The one in Boston, judging from those of the past, will be sure to have a large concourse of spectators to witness it, providing the weather should be favorable. To see the boat races and cricket matches, a large delegation will leave here on Saturday evening, and one and all are anticipating glorious times.

THE COMING PUGILISTIC CONTEST IN IRELAND

The Irish-American in England.

THE SAXON AND CELT.

THE pugilistic match between the Irish-American Coburn, and the English Champion Mace, is now on the P. R. docket for final settlement in Ireland in the month of October. Although Mace is the existing Champion of the British Prize Ring, yet Coburn's match with him is neither for the championship nor the champion's belt, the Irish-American representative prefering to have a straight-out contest, for an even stake, without any outside issues, whatever. Thus far, we are glad to observe, the "belligerents" have conducted their "skirmishing" in a very satisfactory manner, concessions being made on either side, and no obstacle being permitted to stand in the way of the proposed meeting. This match will be surrounded with more than the usual interest which attaches to affairs of the kind, from the fact that it is to be fought in Ireland, not many miles, it is presumed, from the great city of Dublin. The close relationship existing between the people of Ireland and those of the United States will ensure a free and uninterrupted conflict between the two men; and the knowledge that Coburn himself is a native of the Emerald Isle will draw around him large numbers of his countrymen to see that no undue advantage is taken of him by the supporters of Mace. In England, the feeling, very naturally, will be in favor of their own champion, and for this, among other reasons, we are glad that the fight is not to come off there.

If the battles between Heenan and Sayers and Heenan and King attracted extraordinary attention in Ireland, the meeting between Coburn and Mace will be still more exciting, because it is to take place on Irish soil. The battles of the great Irish Champion, Dan Donnelly, with Tom Hall and George Cooper (English representatives), on the Curragh of Kildare, drew out the Irish population in immense force, women and children even flocking to the Curragh to witness the triumph of their countryman, for they never once tolerated the idea that he would be defeated. Some of the wealthy Irish ladies were so enthusiastic in the "cause of Ireland" that they wagered money in large sums on the success of the great Donnelly. Dan's meeting with Tom Hall took place on the Curragh of Kildare, on the 14th of September, 1814, in the presence of an immense assemblage. The Irishman was not long in making his opponent cry "hold, enough," for in fifteen rounds Dan Donnelly was proclaimed the victor amid the shouts and exultations of his excited countrymen. It was in the following year, 1815, in the month of December, that the memorable meeting between Dan Donnelly and George Cooper took place. Cooper was considered one of the best men of the time, and speculation on this event was exceedingly brisk. In the previous March, Cooper had met and defeated the great Molineaux, the black, who had also previously sustained two defeats, after extraordinary fighting, at the hands of Tom Cribb. The first battle between Cribb and Molineaux occupied 39 rounds, lasting 55 minutes: the second consumed 20 minutes, and 11 rounds. As Cooper subsequently met the black and beat him in 20 minutes, the same time occupied in the last contest between Cribb and Molineaux, it was thought by his English backers that it would not take him much longer to finish the Irishman, Donnelly, than it had taken him to polish off the black Molineaux. The eventful day arrived, and the scene on the Curragh of Kildare was one of the most exciting ever witnessed there. Thousands on thousands of spectators were in attendance from England, Ireland and Scotland, and the most extraordinary interest was manifested by all classes in the result of the coming fight. It is sufficient to say that Donnelly defeated his foe in the short time of 22 minutes, and was borne from the ring in triumph by the Irish multitude, who could not do sufficient to testify their gratification at the successful result of the efforts of their countryman. Dan Donnelly was *feted*, and Courted, and "knighted;" all classes vied in doing honor to the Irish champion, and for a time, like Robinson Crusoe, he was monarch of all he surveyed. Dan was never beaten in the P. R.

The coming meeting between the Irish-American and Mace will revive recollections of the great battles on the Curragh of Kildare, and the people of Ireland will again turn out *en masse* to witness another extraordinary passage at arms, between one of their own countrymen and a representative of the London Ring. Very few important pugilistic events have taken place in Ireland of late years, so that the Coburn-Mace affair cannot fail to attract great attention. We have thrice sent native Americans to England to meet their best man. The first was Charley Freeman, the "American giant" as he was called, who went out with Ben Caunt, after that champion had completed his tour in this country. It was in the spring of 1842 that Freeman reached England, and soon after he was matched to fight the Tipton Slasher, a big 'un, then coming prominently into note. They met December 14, 1842, but after fighting 70 rounds, in one hour and twenty-four minutes, they were interrupted by darkness; they again met on December 16, but the police interfered; on the 20th, they came together for the third time, when, after fighting 38 rounds in 39 minutes, all in favor of the American, the Slasher fell intentionally without a blow, and the referee decided against him. "Richardson and his crowd" were not about at that time. Heenan, a native of Troy, New York, went over a few years ago, and fought Tom Sayers, the English champion. Although ostensibly the victor, Heenan was not permitted to carry off the prize, the referee declaring it a draw. He made a second visit, and in December of 1863, met Tom King, another young giant. Although the odds were largely on the American, and his friends were investing extensively on his success, yet they were doomed to lose. A day or two before the fight, Heenan left his training quarters for London, and *requested that neither of his trainers should accompany him.* He remained alone at the house of a backer nearly two days, and during that time, in the absence of his trainers, the arrangement was perfected by which he lost the fight. In the ring he made no show whatever, and was beaten easily. He has never explained his conduct in that affair, and as he is said to be owning race horses, and betting on turf transactions, his friends over here look with suspicion upon him, and some openly charge him with selling the fight. There are certainly good grounds for such suspicions.

Coburn is our third and last representative, although he is not a native American. Born in Ireland, he was brought here at an early age, and became an adopted son of this country. We send him forth as an Irish-American; he is to fight on Irish ground, and we hope to hear that he has sustained the well-earned reputation of his countrymen for courage, endurance, and other good fighting qualities. Let him remember the brave Dan Donnelly, and go in and win.

PIOUS RACE HORSES.—We have heard of moral elephants, educated mules, sacred bulls, and all that sort of thing, but we never heard of religiously-inclined race horses until the other day, when the foreign mails brought us a lot of English and French papers, in one of the latter of which—the *Rosier de Rarie*—appeared an account of the grand races at Paris. After giving details of the races, with a full account of the triumph of the French horse, Vermont, over the English animals, the enthusiastic editor winds up with the following extraordinary and pious flourish:—

"Let us bless the Heavens which have allowed a Catholic horse to beat the Protestant horses."

NEW YORK SPRING RACES.—These races, which took place on the Centreville Course, L. I., last week, will be found fully reported in another column. There was to have been a third day's sport on the 1st inst., including a four mile dash race, but on account of the breaking down of Panic and Eagle in consequence of the hard ground, the stake did not fill, and a postponement till the first week in September was resolved upon.

GREAT CONTESTS.

Voting at the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair.

The Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia closed on the evening of the 28th of June. It is supposed that one million of dollars clear, will be the result of the Fair. There was a sword voted for, also a fire horn, vase, and other articles; but the most exciting contest was for the fire horn, the Good Will and Fairmount engine companies making strenuous exertions to secure the prize, the former finally succeeding. One dollar per vote was charged for the sword, vase, etc., but only twenty-five cents for the horn, which was valued at $300, but which realized nearly *seven thousand dollars!* The successful company paraded the streets next day, with apparatus and music, and the silver horn placed on a seat in a barouche, all alone in its glory. The following is a record of the voting for the different articles.

VOTE FOR THE FIRE HORN.

Good-Will Engine	$12,732	Perseverance Hose	5
Fairmount Engine	9,941	Cohocksink Hose	2
Phœnix Hose	1,688	Mechanic Engine	2
Pennsylvania Hose	1,414	Shiffler Hose	2
Philadelphia Engine	945	Independence Hose	7
Diligent Engine	219	Columbia Engine	6
United States Engine	159	Western Engine	3
Southwark Hose	105	Fame Hose	5
South Penn Hose	100	Reliance Engine	5
Empire Hook & Ladder	75	Union Engine	1
Vigilant Engine	69	William Penn Hose	2
Weccacoe Engine	25	United Hose	5
United States Hose	37	Mount Airy Engine	1
Good Intent Hose	22	Hope Engine	5
Northern Liberty Hose	26	Delaware Engine	3
Washington Hose	34	Ringgold Hose	1
Philadelphia Hose	15	Hope Hose	4
Columbia Hose	12	Assistance Engine	6
Marion Hose	11	Kensington Hose	1
Neptune Hose	14	W. Philadelphia Engine	1
Moyamensing Hose	11	Fairmount Hose	8
Washington Engine	28	Spring Garden Hose	4
Western Hose	17	Mantua Hook and Ladder	2
Humane Hose	11	Diligent Hose	1
Hibernia Engine	2	Northern Liberty Engine	1
Globe Engine	7	Spring Garden Engine	1
Franklin Hose	5	Schuylkill Hose	20
Good Intent Engine	5	Niagara Hose	2
Robert Morris Hose	8	Monroe Hose	2
Franklin Engine	6		
Humane Engine	2	Total	27,846

VOTE ON THE SILVER VASE.

Union League	4003	A. Lincoln	859
E. D. James	4939	Rev. Dr. Bellows	77
John Welsh	161	Bishop Simpson	54
Admiral Farragut	58	Gov. Curtin	113
Mayor Henry	54	John Bright	37
Gen. Meade	36	George H. Stuart	34
Gen. Hancock	33	Gen. McClellan	16
Bishop Wood	30	E. M. Stanton	9
Gen. Grant	17	Bishop Potter	11
S. P. Chase	14	Union Vol. Ref. Saloon	4
Gen. Sherman	6	Admiral Dupont	4
Total			10,455

VOTE ON THE SWORD.

Meade	3442	Scattering	119
Hancock	1506		
McClellan	297	Total	5541
Grant	177		

VOTE ON THE CAMP-CHEST.

Birney	308	Hancock	9
Meade	103	Scattering	12
Gibbons	28		
Grant	16	Total	385
McClellan	10		

VOTE ON HORSE EQUIPMENTS.

Hancock	116	McClellan	3
Meade	76	Scattering	3
Grant	7		
Butler	5	Total	212
Birney	3		

VOTE ON THE LEGHORN BONNETS.

Mrs. Burnside	296	Mrs. Meade	286
Mrs. Grant	191	Mrs. McClellan	98
Mrs. Birney	21	Mrs. Hancock	45
Mrs. Warren	2	Mrs. Corporal E. D. Coe	25

Mr. E. D. James, the successful candidate for the vase, is a prominent member of the Corn Exchange. On the 27th he had only a few votes, but on the 28th the members of the Corn Exchange rallied to his support, and one package contained $3000 for 3000 votes.

COBURNIANA.

The Coburn and Mace match is beginning to get spicy, and promises to be one of the most exciting events of the day. Correspondents are beginning, thus early, to discuss the merits of the men, and their chances of success. A correspondent, in a communication dated Bridgeport, Alabama, sends an extract from a Cork (Ireland) paper, said extract being taken from a letter written to the *London Herald* by its New York correspondent "Manhattan." This "Manhattan,"—Jos. A. Scoville, at one time said to have been private secretary to the late John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, afterwards publisher of a comic paper in New York, and also agent here for the late Lola Montez—died suddenly at the Brandreth House, in this city, on the morning of the 25th ult., so that the remarks made by him concerning the Coburn and Mace affair, were probably among the last ever advanced by "Manhattan" on the subject of pugilism. Scoville's opinions were mostly guess work, scraps picked up here and there, and strung together with secession ideas to suit the London Market. Here is the extract referred to, written by Scoville ("Manhattan"):—

"Coburn kept a place in Grand street, and recently it was sold. (It was not sold.—ED. CLIP.) Opposite it, at No. 112 Grand street, was the hotel of Josephine Fox. She has sold out also, in order to accompany him abroad. I was correct in my judgment as to what would happen in the fight between King and Heenan, and I do not suppose I shall be far out of the way in referring to the result of the coming fight. I should think it a good joke (unless there has been an understanding with Mace that he is not to kill Coburn until he has fought several rounds), for I have an idea that Mace could fight four Joe Coburns' at one and the same time, and lick the four with ease. The money is made up for Coburn, and he would lose nothing upon the main stakes, and I presume such an excitement will be got up as will result in heavy betting on the other side in favor of Coburn, even at great odds. (Mace is the favorite at long odds.—ED. CLIP.) All such bets will be taken by the American party, and they will bet heavily on Mace, thus getting square. Coburn will be a great man. He will have the credit of fighting a great prize fighter of England, and though he will be licked, of course, yet he will be able to travel and give exhibitons through England, Ireland and Scotland, and enjoy honor or make a large amount of money. This is the programme, and you may be sure it will be played; and if we can make a few thousand pounds by betting on Mace, and coax your greenhorns to bet on Coburn, why, it will give us back a part of the enormous sum lost on Heenan. Coburn is certainly a plucky little chap, but Heenan could whip a pair of Coburns."

We merely give this extract to show the sort of buncombe talk indulged in by the late "Manhattan." Our own Alabama correspondent, who sent us the above extract, also sends us a few remarks upon the subject. After alluding to "Manhattan's" letter, our correspondent says:—

"You may remember that Manhattan gave it as his opinion previous to the fight between Heenan and King, that King would be the victor—a conclusion that any man should have come to, in my opinion, for two reasons: the first of which is, that if, during the fight, King was getting the worst of it, the ring would be broken into, as it was when Heenan fought Sayers; the second reason is, that there would be such an amount of money bet on King that if it cost a fortune to buy Heenan, bought he would be.

"I was in London when Heenan fought King, and there was but one opinion existing, with the exception of the individual backers of King, and that was that Heenan sold the fight. From what I could pick up, and by questioning those that were present at the fight, my firm impression is that it was a sold fight. Now, concerning "Manhattan's" opinion, that Mace could fight four Coburns at one and the same time, it shows him, in my opinion, to be a man void of common sense, and one whose opinion in anything is not to be depended on. I know Mace well, and I had the pleasure of meeting Coburn, and I firmly believe that by fighting in Ireland, Coburn will come out the victor. If the English try on any of their pranks there by cutting the ropes or otherwise interfering with the fight, the weapons that never missed fire will go to work on their heads and they will be sorry for ever trusting themselves or their pet (who once ran away the morning he had to fight) to Ireland. Yours Truly,

A. FITZPATRICK."

If Mace can "beat four Coburns" we should be able to get odds of 4 to 1 on the British champion, but we don't believe the odds will be *quite* so great as that. Poor Scoville, he was a fire-eater, and talked greatly at random.

Another correspondent, a Philadelphian, objects to something we said a week or two since in reference to the same match. We will let him speak for himself. Here is his communication entire:

PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1864.

"EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER:—I have been a regular reader of your paper for about twelve months, and an admirer of the straightforward course you generally pursue. Having confidence in your impartiality, I was surprised to read your leader on Mace and Coburn; you head it as if Mace wished to break the original arrangement, and increase the stakes; you also say, "Coburn accommodates him." If Mace agreed to give £100 expenses, the fight to be for £500 a side, can you in justice expect him to give the former amount and to let the stakes be reduced? You likewise give the appearance in your heading that Mace is exacting and unjust about a referee. I do not certainly agree that Mr. Dowling should alone act, or appoint another, and Coburn's party have a right to object to this, if so disposed; but if Mace is in error here, he is to be supported in his desire to have the referee appointed before the day of fighting; because, as you well know, it would cause delay and give rise to dispute and perhaps angry feelings on the ground. On the whole, taking the various accounts, I cannot form any other opinion than that the bulk of the difficulties have originated on Coburn's side. There is one thing from your own pen which I must say rather astonishes me. You say, "As Coburn has to raise the money in the United States, he would at the rate of premium now current be staking £5,000 to $2,500." Is that any advantage to Mace? If Mace wins, and exchanges the notes into English Currency, he would only, at the premium in gold existing when the match was made, receive £2,500, whereas if Coburn wins, and takes Mace's $2,500 gold or English notes, they would buy $5,000. Has either party an advantage? They are each fighting for an amount equal to what they stake; your article is calculated to leave another impression.

I do not know either Coburn or Mace, nor have I a cent staked on either; but I do desire earnestly to see the conduct of each man judged on its merits. If Mace errs, blame him; and if Coburn is in error, do not let your own partiality blind you to it.

Respectfully yours, WM. HOLT.

MACE RESIGNS THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace requests us to state that as he cannot claim the belt unless he again fights for and wins it, and then holds it three years, he must give up all hope of retaining it. He cannot (he says) expect to remain as fresh as ever for another three years, and will therefore resign his claims in favor of younger men. His battle with Coburn will be his last appearance, and all challenges will in future be useless.—*Bell's Life*, June 18.

THE LATEST NEWS

About the Great Pugilistic Event of 1864.

LETTER FROM JAMES CUSICK.

COBURN'S MOVEMENTS.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN IN ENGLAND.

JUST before going to press, we received our file of English sporting papers, and a letter from James Cusick. The former contains little or no news, except that Jem Mace has resigned the champion's belt, and announces his intention of fighting no more after his battle with Coburn. The letter, however, gives us information in regard to the movements of the American Champion, his advisers and companions, and as it must necessarily be of interest to his and their friends, as well as to our readers generally, to hear of our *pugilistique corps* from official sources, we hear place it on record. Mr. Cusick says:—

Liverpool, June 17th, 1864.

"FRIEND QUEEN:—I write to inform you that we are all well, and hope that you are in the same salubrious condition. We showed at Manchester on Saturday, June 11th, both afternoon and evening, to very good houses, under the direction of Mr. James Myers. We have left our business engagements in his hands, who will conduct it for us in the future. Our next exhibition will be at Birmingham, next at Sheffield, and then in London. The last two or three will be in Liverpool, and then Ho! for Ireland. On our arrival there, work will then be the word. Liverpool, however, is the town for us, where we find all the friends we want. We have received the check for £100 that you forwarded us by mail, and we thank you for it. Miss Menken has arrived, and is quite well. With much respect to yourself and greetings to all our friends, I am yours, JAMES CUSICK."

THE AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

There is nothing of extra import to note in regard to this first class aquatic event, and although a few small bets have been made, the bulk of the speculation that will be done on it will not be "booked" until after our great national holiday, the "Glorious Fourth." James Hamill, we hear, is taking his preliminary exercises on the Monongahela at Pittsburgh, under the tuition of Johnny Loudon, Johnny Mackey's successor, and is reported as being in good health. Joshua Ward is also getting himself into condition by rowing and other exercises, having John Lawrence for his mentor. Although he may not enter for the prizes, he will no doubt show himself at the Fourth of July Regatta at Cornwall, and give his friends an opportunity to "take stock" of him, so that they can make up their minds how, and to what extent they will invest on the forthcoming championship race. As before stated, Hamill's money is all up, and half of Ward's, and the other half must be placed in our hands on the 5th inst.

WAGERS.—There will be lively betting on the coming Presidential election, and we'd like to be on a few before the best things are all taken up. We'll bet an even 50 cents currency bill that Gen. Jackson will get more votes than Fremont in the German towns of Pennsylvania; one dollar that Coburn can be elected an elector if he beats Jem Mace; one dollar that Gen. Grant will run it out on that line all summer; two dollars and a half that Abe Lincoln won't carry a single State south of the Potomac; 50 cents that Con Orem and Dooney Harris won't fight on Pike's Peak; two dollars to one that Gen. Grant or Gen. McClellan will be the nominee of the Chicago convention; a five dollar 10-40 bond that neither Horace Greeley nor Thurlow Weed will carry Squeedunk; and an even dollar that a man not at present named will be the next President of these United States; and we'll take ten dollars to five that Jeff. Davis will not carry New York city. These bets can be taken separately or together.

YACHT FLEET IN A SQUALL.—*Three Men Drowned.*—On Sunday, June 26th, a number of yachts, including several belonging to the Philadelphia Yacht Club, were out for a sail on the river Delaware. About 4 o'clock P. M., when in the vicinity of the mouth of the Schuylkill where it connects with the Delaware, a squall arose, and before preparations were made to meet it, it struck the yachts, several of which were damaged; among others, the yacht American was upset, eight men who were on board at the time being swept into the river. There was quite a panic among the yachtmen on board the different vessels, and it was thought that all who had gone overboard had perished, but we are glad to learn that five out of the eight were saved, the other three being drowned. Those lost were named George H. Yhost, Howard Peale, and John R. Irvin. Their bodies were recovered on the following day, and subsequently buried from their residences in Philadelphia.

BALL PLAY ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.—The 4th being a general holiday, it will, without a doubt, wind and weather permitting, be largely taken advantage of by our various base ball and cricket clubs, and a number of matches will be played, so that those who like to see "the ball kept moving," may, without fear of disappointment, betake themselves to the various grounds for that purpose, and, if they are anywise skilled in either of the games, and the members of the club, polite (and who doubts it?) an opportunity will in all probability be offered to take a hand in. By all means give the amateur and novice a chance for a little exercise Messrs. Captain of Nines and Elevens, and managers of grounds, if it be at all practicable.

ANOTHER NOTABLE PERSONAGE GONE.—Just previous to going to press, we were pained to hear of the death of John Clancy, Editor and Proprietor of the *Leader*. His decease will be regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, by whom he was highly spoken of and much respected. He has not died without honor, for he once held the position of County Clerk for New York, and was also one of our Common Councilmen. In political circles he had great influence, and his vote and voice were much sought after. He was a native of New York, and, by indomitable perseverance, raised himself from a humble position to one of considerable eminence. His age was only thirty-six.

PRINTER'S INK is acknowledged by all experienced managers and agents for shows of every kind, to be a great auxiliary to the success of the same; and none will gainsay, we opine, that the quality of "wall literature," etc., in display, taste and coloring, adds still more to the advantages which accrue from its use. Prompt execution of orders, too, is another great desideratum. These facts, we are given to understand by those who know, apply in full force to the firm known as the Calhoun Printing Company at Hartford, which, we presume, said company will be glad to have an opportunity to prove. So, Messrs. Managers & Co., put them to the test when travelling that way, and besides, read their advertisement in another column.

"SELF SACRIFICE," by the author of Margaret Maitland, is one of the more recent publications of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. By a cursory reading of the first pages of the work, we judge that it is very interesting. We shall be better enabled to write of its merits on completing its perusal.

THE TRIGGER AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.—Another match came off there on Tuesday, June 21st, between A. W. Smith and J. T. Oliver. Mr. Smith having beaten Mr. Oliver in two previous matches, shoot at 10 pair of double birds, the losing party to pay the expenses of the match. Smith accepted, and here is the score:—

OLIVER.			SMITH.		
Shot, 1	Killed,	11	Shot, 1	Killed,	11
2	"	11	2	"	00
3	"	11	3	"	00
4	"	11	4	"	10
5	"	11	5	"	00
6	"	01	6	"	11
7	"	11	7	"	11
8	"	11	8	"	11
9	"	11	9	"	00
10	"	10—18	10	"	10—10

THE RING.

I CHALLENGE THE WORLD.
I AM STILL IN THE RING.
TRY ME!
TRY ME!!
TRY ME!!!
YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT.
I WILL CURE YOUR CASE.
RUSS' ST. DOMINGO BITTERS. 13-1t*

REGULAR "DOWN EAST" CLAM BAKE.---At HARRY HILL'S New Place, the PARK COTTAGE, corner of 71st street and Third Avenue, on THURSDAY, July 7, 1864, at 3 P. M. HARRY HILL, Steward. JOHN COOPER, Caterer. Tickets, 50 cents, for sale at 26 E. Houston street. 13-1t*

JOE COBURN, JOE COBURN,
CHAMPION OF AMERICA.
A Splendid FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF JOE COBURN, in attitude, engraved from an Imperial Photograph, sent by express, carefully put up, to any part of the United States on receipt of One Dollar. Size, 19x25 inches. A liberal discount to the trade.
Beautiful colored, $1 50.
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OLD BILL TOVEE'S TESTIMONIAL.

The rare bill of attractions offered by the Veteran, Tovee, we are sorry to say, did not bring the old gentleman the fill of the Stuyvesant on the evening of the 28th ult., which date will form one of the epochs in the history of sporting events, bringing with it, as it did, the funeral of the respected and worthy Chieftain, Tom Hyer. Within just one week from the night of the old Master of Ceremonies' benefit, Tom Hyer had a similar compliment tendered him at this very house, when he was received with an enthusiasm which not only warmed the cockles of his heart, but our own and every true friend of Tom's in that hall. We shall never forget his last public appearance among his fellow sporting men on that occasion, and even now we fancy we can hear the cheers of the multitude, and see him, bowed down with sickness, a complete wreck of his former self, as we helped him before the footlights to acknowledge the handsome compliment paid to his manliness and independence. Mr. Tovee is a rare example of what a good constitution, well taken care of, will do for a man, as indeed are all his family, for his mother, we are glad to say, is still in the land of the living, hale and hearty, and many others of his relations. Some there be who, in their old age, have riches, wealth and power—not so with Tovee; but he has his health and strength, and may yet live to be comfortably situated. What the result of his benefit will turn out when he has cashed in his tickets, is a little more than our judgment enables us to foresee, but we do hope that he may realize enough to settle down in some snug little business where his friends can call and leave their dollar or half-dollar. Almost everybody but Tovee has a house of call, and it's a great pity if he, the noblest Saxon of them all, cannot be placed in the same position. With his only son patriotically fighting the battles of his country,—for Henry Tovee, the Union soldier, was born on this side the Atlantic—all inspired with a love of country, would be glad to see the old man prosper in the land of his adoption.

It was not only a pity, but a shame, to see the meagre attendance on this occasion, for it is a well-known fact that Mr. Tovee waited a whole month so as not to interfere with any one else, studying other people's interest more than his own, and working for those who worked directly against him. If long service is any criterion of merit, the Stuyvesant would not have contained one fourth of the people who should have attended, and how it is that parties with a bogus reputation have managed to fill even the City Assembly Rooms, will always remain a mystery to us. In Tovee's case it seems the more a man does for the pugs and their friends, the more he may do, and not even get a thank you for it, which is more than we can say of any other body of men in the country, and to say the least, looks very ungrateful on their part. Everybody ought to have turned out for Tovee, even if it should not be heralded forth to the world, for what he has done for them. Who is there in the whole country who would work as he has done, travelling all hours of the day and night, distributing benefit bills as no other man can begin to do, and then running his legs off in his official capacity as master of ceremonies? We have never seen the man yet, and when Tovee is gone from us, there will be a vacancy hard to fill indeed, if it ever will be. We feel sorry for the old gentleman, and if this benefit didn't come up to his expectations, we should like to see the "talent" at the different free and easies, where Uncle Bill is a ready volunteer, as they all know, get up a concert for him similar to that given to Henry Byron and others at Clinton Hall, barring out sparring altogether; we feel perfectly well satisfied that the volunteers for Mr. Byron would volunteer for Mr. Tovee, and as he is quite a singing bird himself, the affair would be doubly attractive, and everybody feeling so disposed could take his wife or any other female relatives. It can be done just as easy as not, and he would not have to be dependent on those who don't seem to know how to appreciate his services. Even the "gentlemen of the committee" were as tardy as the rest, tor out of about sixteen we only saw Ned Wilson, Jem Colbert, S. D. Kehoe and Harry Hill, and if they didn't feel interested enough to show themselves after all their fine promises, their "influence" couldn't have amounted to much after all. The bare announcement of a glove fight between Tovee and Gardner ought in ordinary times have drawn a house in itself, but these shows have been run in the ground, and it is begining to be seen that variety entertainments won't go down any more, because there's so much humbug connected with them, putting a lot of names, as is almost invariably done, on the bills, of those who may be in Kamschatka for all they know or care. We don't mean to say that Tovee did this, for he put down no names unless the parties promised to appear, and if they didn't think their word good enough to make good, it was no fault of his, neither can anybody blame him for their unexplained absence. How Tom the Boatman, who was to have been the M. C., came to be absent himself, is a mystery, unless his aquatic majesty was looking after more Chinee images, to pay their board and take them in the country for the benefit of their health, according to Signor Thomasco Rileyo, the sporting express driver, who ought to know.

The time was passing quickly, and the ball ball had tolled nine, but still nobody came to do the M. C.'s business, until seeing the show wouldn't go on unless somebody started it, the beneficiaire had to jump in, introducing for the opening, Joe Foote, stripped to his flesh bag, with the Indian clubs, followed by Master Barry, another rising stripling and a pupil of Tom Briggs, in a song, succeeded by Young Golden with a dance. Master Barry then did a little jig business, relieved by Mr. C. Martin's singing, after which Johnny Dwyer and Frawley, the latest arrival from the Old Dart, put on the gloves and battered away at each other, the Brooklyn youth towering high over the Britisher, who is a little Hercules in miniature. Jimmy Hanley and Mike Dorsey had one of their usual rattling matches, and showed no more affection for each other than usual. Mr. Geo. Guy, true to his promise, gave the "Ship on Fire," and for an encore, the laughable song, "I wish I was a Baby." Corcoran, the challenger of Geo. Baker, and Jack Leonard, the friend of Dooney Harris,

TOM HYER.

A Biographical Sketch of the Late Chief.

TOM HYER'S BIRTH AND EARLY YOUTH—JACOB HYER'S FIGHT WITH TOM BEASLEY—TOM'S DESPERATE FIGHT WITH "COUNTRY MCCLUSKEY"—THE COCK OF THE WALK AND AMERICAN EAGLE—BAR ROOM TURN-UP BETWEEN HYER AND SULLIVAN—FIGHTING CORRESPONDENCE—THE GREAT $10,000 MATCH—SPARRING EXHIBITIONS IN OLD TIMES—HYER'S MEMORABLE CONTEST WITH SULLIVAN—THE TIPTON SLASHER AND THE AMERICAN CHAMPION—BOXING MATCH BETWEEN MATT GOODERSON AND TOM HYER—BILL POOLE THE ORIGIN OF IT—MORRISSEY'S BIG CHALLENGE AND HOW IT FELL THROUGH—HYER CHALLENGES THE BRITISH CHAMPION—POOLE'S ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHT WITH MORRISSEY—THE POOLE MURDER—CHIEF AND MORRISSEY AT IT AGAIN—THE POOLE MURDER—THE BRADLEY AND HYER AFFAIR—TURN UP WITH JIM STEWART—THE BENICIA BOY'S DIFFICULTY WITH THE CHIEFTAIN AND HOW THAT FELL THROUGH—TOM'S POPULARITY WITH MEMBERS OF THE CABINET—WHERE HE CONTRACTED HIS SICKNESS—TOM'S PECULIARITIES—HIS ADMIRATION FOR JEM WARD—LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC—HIS DEATH AND BURIAL—PROPOSITION TO ERECT A MONUMENT OVER HIS REMAINS.

TOM HYER was born in the city of New York, on the 1st of January, 1819, and as soon as he was of sufficient growth, was apprenticed to the butcher business, becoming associated with a class of young fellows noted for their boldness and courage. Tom's father, Jacob Hyer, was the first man, of whom we have any record to engage in, a regular ring fight in this country. As but little attention was given to ring fighting in Jacob Hyer's days, we are able to give but few particulars which can fairly be considered as authentic. His antagonist was Tom Beasley, and the fight took place in 1816, some three years before the renowned Tom was born, and although it was not, in the strict acceptation of the term, a prize fight, it is usually regarded as the first ring fight at which the public were represented, and some attempts at uniform observances of rules were kept in view. Both combatants were large and powerful men; but so far as we can learn, scientific rules were gradually ignored as the fight progressed, a rough and tumble became the order of the day, and at last, one of Hyer's arms having been broken, mutual friends interfered and the result was a sort of indecisive draw, after the men had fought several severely contested rounds.

Of the son, Tom Hyer's earlier days, we can glean but little information, as the late Chief was a very "close" man on these points, and when sounded relative to them, invariably turned a significant glance on the querist, as much as to say, "wouldn't you like to know?" We know this, though, that while a mere youth and also as a young man, Tom Hyer had the character of being a first rate fellow—mild, brave, and generous, slow to wrath, and much more inclined to resort to "fisticuffs" for the sake of a friend than for his own. Fond of life and company, he knew thousands of persons, from the President down, with all of whom he was an especial favorite; while many to whom he was an entire stranger, when meeting him in the highways of the city, could not help admiring his open, good humored countenance, and his model of a form.

Our hero's first fight arose out of a political difficulty. John McCleester, better known as "Country McCluskey," was the leader of a rival faction, who had a good opinion of his fighting abilities, he and was looked upon as able to take hold of any body and hold his own in a rough fight. Soon after Yankee Sullivan had trounced Vince Hammond, the English boxer, who keeps a "hotel" at North East, Cecil Co., Md., where the gigantic McCoole put up the night previous to his fight with Joe Coburn, the city was all alive, and fight talk raged like an epidemic. "Country" got it on the brain, and rushing from the Sawdust House in Division street, Yankee Sullivan's drum, he made a bee-line down Chatham street to Tom's Hyer's headquarters, 28 Park Row, on the night of the 8th of September, 1841, when he challenged Hyer to "come out to-night" and fight in the City Hall Park. Tom was on hand, but respectfully declined to run the risk of a breech of the peace in so public a place, and mildly suggested a quiet excursion the next day, up the Hudson River. Country was willing, and after a good deal of bother, it was agreed for them to meet on the first Albany boat the next morning, and accordingly on the 9th of September, accompanied by a few "select" friends, they did meet, and on the same boat, too, getting off at the place mutually agreed upon, to wit, Caldwell's Landing. There had been no time even to hunt up ropes and stakes, to say nothing of training, but the men stepped up to a scratch drawn on the ground by Jake Somerindyke.

As this fight was to settle a quarrel, instigated by enemies who professed to doubt the gameness of the principals, desperate fighting was the order of the day. Half minute time was agreed upon, but, so that no benefit could accrue from technicalities, all blows were to be considered fair. The fight was characterized by pluck on both sides. Hyer proved himself a desperate punisher, and McCleester a man of indomitable endurance. Unluckily for him his right hand was severely hurt in the second round, by the terrible force of the blow he administered on Tom's ribs, which knocked the butcher boy off his pins; and the same mauley sustained a further injury in the tenth round, when he caught Tom on the lip and forced him down. On the whole, 101 rounds were fought in 175 minutes. Tom gained first fall in the first round; and Country first knock down and first blood in the second round. The fighting was of the most desperate description, particularly the last six rounds, and only continued by the urgent pleadings of McCleester against the better judgment of his seconds. At the 100th round, Hyer, vexed with Country's obstinacy, exclaimed: "Oh! let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time!" Although this sort of talk is not according to the rules, there was no brag in the assertion, for Hyer could then hit his man when and where he pleased. After Sullivan had given in for McCleester, Hyer seemed good for another hour or two. Hyer was then but 22 years of age, stood 6ft. 1in. and weighed 176lb; McCleester was about three inches shorter, and 160lb in weight. Tom was seconded by Jake Somerindyke and A. Reynolds, with Alec Hamilton for bottleholder. Country had for his seconds Yankee Sullivan and Ketchum, with Nesbitt, for bottleholder. The best commentary we can offer upon this fight is the fact that, although originally caused by a quarrel, the principals from that day became firm friends, and thus remained until the death of John McCleester.

After Sullivan's defeat of Bob Caunt, the friends of the former grew somewhat noisy in their talk about the invincibility of the "honorable gentleman from Cork." The Englishman having been disposed of, "Young America" stood next for chastisement from the man with a head "like a Connemara ram." Sullivan's countrymen might well be proud of him, for all his weight was fight, every inch of him was pluck, and every hair he had sprouted endurance. New York was not large enough for Hibernian pugnacity, and much of it overflowed in a military form, aiding to carry our glorious flag on to victory in Mexico, or acquiring wealth in California. However, we had "plenty more left of the same sort." Park Row and Chatham Square also had their fields of glory. While our Hibernian friends accounted Sullivan as "Cock of the Walk," our native boys considered Tom Hyer a fair specimen of that sort of "American Eagle" who can make common buzzards get out of his way.

Such influences and discussions usually acquire an accumulative force. Go-betweens busied themselves between Sullivan and Hyer. Personally, they were men eminently adapted for mutual respect and friendship. But "sport" must be had, and the consequence was that Sullivan could not meet Hyer in the street, or anywhere, without going through a series of game-cock pantomime. Hyer never exhibited any rash perturbation, but gently hinted (and the go-betweens were always ready to carry the news) that he had no objection to a regular ring fight, provided the stakes were sufficient to make it "an object of interest."

In this state of affairs, one evening in April, 1848, Sullivan entered a well-known restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Park Place, where Hyer was sitting after having indulged somewhat freely in stimulants. Sullivan was just enough under "steam" to be quarrelsome and unreasonable. He wantonly insulted Hyer, and the "change he got" was sufficient to beat Sullivan insensible. In short, the conqueror of Hammer Lane received more than he bargained for, and Hyer was now cock of the (side) walk. Of course a ring fight was inevitable.

The fame of Sullivan, as the conqueror of Hammer Lane, imparted a greater reflex fame upon Hyer as the conqueror of Sullivan, although then only in a casual turn-up. New York was in a state of intense excitement, and some fatal encounters with deadly weapons were fully expected.

On the 1st of June, 1848, the following warlike correspondence between Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer was published in the *Herald*:

A CARD.

"About six weeks since, while in the saloon on the corner of Park Place and Broadway, in a condition rendering me unable to defend myself against any attack, I was assailed in a most cowardly manner, by a man of the name of Hyer. On the strength of it, accounts of the occurrence appeared in a number of the newspapers, false in every particular, and which must have been inserted by Hyer himself, or his friends. If I had been worsted in a fair fight, and by a person who knew anything at all about fighting, or had the courage to fight like a man, I should have taken no notice of it; but I consider it due to my friends to inform them in this way of the real character of the occurrence. I am no 'Irish braggart,' or 'bully,' although I am an Irishman, and I believe I can show myself worthy of my country whenever I am required. If there are any who think they can make me 'cry enough, like a whipped child,' if No. 9 Chatham street is not too far out of the way, I will be happy to have them call and make the experiment. As for Hyer, I can 'flax him out' without any exertion. "JAMES SULLIVAN."

A REPLY.

"Yesterday morning it was falsely stated in one of the advertisements of this paper, signed 'James Sullivan,' that I had assailed him in an unjustifiable manner, and at a disadvantage, about six weeks ago in a saloon at the corner of Park Place and Broadway. I wish merely to state, that this fellow, Sullivan, assaulted me, and that I chastised him for it, as I can and shall do again on similar provocation, to him or any one else who improperly assails me. I have only to add, that Mr. Sullivan will find me always much readier to meet him anywhere than in the newspapers—anywhere, however, I am his master.

"THOMAS HYER."

These two letters, though sufficiently belligerent in their tone, did not lead immediately to the arrangement to which both parties seemed desirous to come, and two months more elapsed in hostile traversing, in the hope to catch each other in some chance *mêlee*. In the first week in August, however, a bar-room banter to Hyer, of $20, by one of Sullivan's adherents, to the effect that he *dared not* make a match with Sullivan, produced the requisite arrangement. Hyer put up the twenty dollars, and, in pursuance of the conditions of the wager, a meeting was held at Ford's tavern, at No. 28 Park Row, by the friends and backers of both parties, on the night of Monday, August 7th. To win the twenty dollar banter, therefore, Hyer stood ready to make a match for $10,000, or $5,000 a side, and put down $100 as a temporary forfeit. Though the offer of such a tremendous stake seemed to stagger the friends of Sullivan not a little, they nevertheless came boldly up to the scratch, and the match was at once agreed on."

During the last week in September, Sullivan gave an exhibition at the Shakespeare Hotel. About eight hundred persons were present. The price of admission was fifty cents. Hyer was in the room, and his trainer, George Thompson (Peter Crawley's "Novice" and a trainer for Hyer), had a fine set-to with Sullivan, when their turn came in the programme. Country McClusky (said to have killed or defeated sixteen Mexicans one day after dinner) was the Master of the Ceremonies. Among the sparrers, in addition to Sullivan and Thompson, were Orville Gardner and a French gentleman, a few pairs of Chatham street Jews, and some very promising New York novices. The wind-up was a glove fight between Tom O'Donnell (a trainer for Sullivan) and the redoubtable Mike Kelly. The set-to between Sullivan and Thompson was an "especial study" for Hyer.

Toward the last of November, Hyer gave an exhibition at Mager's Concert Hall, 101 Elizabeth street. Here, also, the place was packed full. The "ball" was opened with George Kensett and Young McKay. Next came McStrawick and Bob Sauce. After some spirited but comparatively unimportant encounters between other pugilists, Tom Hyer and George Thompson, the two young giants, gave a fine display of their best points, Thompson for striking out and Hyer for countering, winning round after round of enthusiastic applause from a very respectable assemblage.

About the 1st of December, the two principals, having gradually corrected some indulgent habits, went into active training. Sullivan was attended by Country McClusky and Tom O'Donnell, at Shaw's Hotel, near the Union Race Course, L. I. Hyer had George Thompson and Joe Winrow, at Peter Dodge's Hotel, near McComb's Dam. Thus they prepared to meet in the twenty-four feet ring on Wednesday, the 7th February, 1849.

On the 21st of December, Sullivan's second exhibition came off; this time at Mager's Concert Hall. The performances of the sparrers were fully equal to either of the previous exhibitions, but the attendance was not quite so numerous, as the idea prevailed that no hall then in New York would be large enough. Sullivan and Country McClusky gave the wind-up.

On January 16th, 1849, Hyer's second exhibition took place, at Mager's Concert Hall again. Of course the principal feature was another set-to between Hyer and Thompson, in which the tremendous counter-hitting of the former might be clearly inferred by competent judges.

The memorable battle between the rival champions, Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, took place at Rock Point, mouth of Still Pond Creek in Kent county, on the eastern shore of Maryland, and about forty miles from Baltimore, on the 7th of February, 1849, the result of which has become as familiar as the Declaration of Independence, Hyer proving the victor in 16 rounds, 17min. 18secs., giving Sullivan scarcely any chance at all, and showing himself capable of contending with any known pugilist in the world. Johnny Lyng (who attended Hyer's funeral,) and Country McClusky seconded Sullivan, and Steve Wilson (now in California) and Tom Burns, with Tom's brother, Larry Hyer as bottleholder. The judges were H. Colton and J. J. Way. S. S. Van Nostrand was the referee, and John B. Frink the stakeholder. The excitement among the partizans of each combatant was intense all over the United States.

After the fight Sullivan was temporarily conveyed to a Hospital in Baltimore, and afterwards took the cars for York, Pa., on his way home to New York. Hyer was arrested at Philadelphia, having stayed there one night (a requisition from the Governor of Maryland, based upon the idea that Sullivan's life was in danger, having been sent after him); but as Sullivan arrived in New York on Thursday evening, Hyer could not be detained. All the large cities were much "exercised in mind." In New York, as might naturally be expected, all classes shared, some more, some less, in those passing throes of public feeling and chaotic patriotism. Yankee Sullivan's house, No. 9 Chatham street, was crowded day and night, but without disorder. A grand illumination of the entire front of the old Fountain House in Park Row was arranged, and lighted as soon as the news of Hyer's victory arrived; but the most significant feature was a large transparency, retained for a long time, with the indicative words—"TOM HYER, CHAMPION OF AMERICA!"

During March, 1851, news arrived in this country that Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, born in the same year as Hyer, standing an inch or so shorter, and about seven pounds lighter, was anxious to try conclusions with the American Champion, on account of the spreading fame of Tom Hyer, but more especially as the Tipton had been beaten by Charley Freeman, the American giant, in 1842. Hyer was on hand for such a chance as this, and published a general card of bantering defiance. The late Matt Gooderson supposing that the card was a challenge to him, promptly responded. On Hyer explaining the circumstances, however, that he had no particular pugilist in view, American or foreign, this explanation was cordially received, and the friends of the two young giants had a jolly time together on the 31st of March.

At times in the life of Bill Poole, Bill was very jealous of the name and fame of Tom Hyer, and not being able to cope with the Chief, owing to their great disparity in size, previous to Hyer's challenge, and soon after his victory over Sullivan, Poole went to work looking up some likely youth to try and take him down a peg, and settled on Matt Gooderson as the identical individual to do that same. The reason nothing ever came of it is attributed to the influence of Captain Rynders, who was satisfied that there was no personal animosity between the men, and aided in a reconciliation to break it down. About this time an exhibition was gotten up, and Matt and Tom were prevailed upon to spar together. The eventful night came, and when the two giants stood up, attired in tight fitting silk shirts and black pants, they looked two of the finest specimens of physical beauty ever seen. When they got to work, so quick and finished was their style of sparring, that it was almost impossible to distinguish "which was which," and after one of the finest displays of science ever seen in any country, the audience left undecided as to who really was the better sparrer. During the time that Tom Hyer kept the Branch, at No. 40 Bowery, next to the Old Bowery Theatre, now managed by the polite and obliging Ed Cuddy, his house was the great loadstone of attraction to which people of all climes and creeds flocked for the privilege of gazing upon one of the finest looking men of modern times, and the amount of money invested for wine was almost incredulous. Hyer was engaged to appear for several nights at the Old Bowery Theatre, and when he did, hundreds were turned away from the doors every night—in fact, a more popular personage than Tom Hyer didn't tread the Bowery, and so highly esteemed was the Chief by all classes, that it was proposed to elect him a member of Congress, as John Gully had been made a member of the English Parliament some time previous, but his modesty would not permit his friends to put him in the field for "popular suffrage."

When Morrissey returned to New York from California, he found his reputation much increased, and the man who could count a battle against George Thompson was the "observed of all observers." The warm and lasting friendship of Hyer for Thompson caused the former to make some severe remarks on the manner in which the latter had been treated during his fight with Morrissey in California. Morrissey, finding his laurels questioned, gave Hyer to understand that he was quite as willing to fight him in New York as he was to have met Thompson in California. This was "just the thing" for the go-betweens, and great was their hilarity. Morrissey was egged on to send a challenge. A deposit of $100 a side was next made as earnest-money for a match, and the friends of each met at the Gem, 324 Broadway, to arrange the preliminaries. Hyer, as the challenged party, had the right to set the amount of stakes; and acting upon his usual considerations, could not afford to train and fight for less than $10,000 a side. The Morrissey party found this a "high figger," and preferred to forfeit the $100 to Hyer until more flush times, although their estimation of Morrissey was as high as ever. In fact, Morrissey made many good friends among the best classes of sporting men by this prudent decision.

October, 1853, was made famous, as we have seen, and November found New York all alive with the fact that Tom Hyer had authorized Izzy Lazarus (no shadow himself) to forward the challenge to William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, in which Hyer offered to make a match with the Slasher for $20,000, to be decided in either England or the United States. The Slasher to receive $5000 if he came here, or Hyer the same amount in case he went to England. Or in case the combatants fought at St. John's, Newfoundland, each should pay his own expenses. The recent arrests of Sullivan and Morrissey, however, seemed to delay the preliminary proceedings, and they were not subsequently renewed so as to come before public observation. We merely allude to these circumstances here, in order to show that the aim of American pugilists for the British belt had been consistently and steadily persevered in for some time previous to the battle between Heenan and Sayers. Temporary expediency required some reserve, and Izzy Lazarus looked as solemn as he could.

In June, another public outbreak of ill-feeling between the friends of Hyer and those of Morrissey took place. Morrissey seemed ambitious of a brush with Hyer, although Hyer's determination not to fight in the ring again had been long known. Hyer complained of the manner in which George Thompson had been treated in California. Playing on these two strings made very doubtful music. Hyer and Morrissey happening to meet at the Union Race Course, L. I., Morrissey urged a fight, but Hyer declined on account of bad health and unsuitable condition. Morrissey accepted Hyer's statement, but his very combative friends insisted on Hyer fighting, and they persevered until a meeting was arranged to come off October 20th, 1854, early in the morning, at the Abbey, on the Bloomingdale road.

While these initiatory proceedings had been going on, Bill Poole gave his influence to the Hyer party, and made a wager of $100 to fight Morrissey in a rough-and-tumble, on the dock at the foot of Amos street, North River, at six o'clock A. M., on the 26th July. Morrissey agreed. They met, and Morrissey had to cry "enough!" Poole's friends say that Morrissey was fairly beaten, according to the kind of fight agreed upon. Morrissey's friends say that Poole had several assistants in gaining what advantage he did. The law stepped in, and both principals were bound over to keep the peace; but the excitement took various shapes, and found various vents.

When Hyer and Morrissey met at the Abbey, on the Bloomingdale Road, according to appointment, on the 20th of October, with a few friends, Morrisey, thinking it was to be a fist fight, stripped off all his clothes except his pants and boots, and going into the room where Hyer was, asked him "What he was going to do about it?" Hyer's response was, that he meant to fight with pistols. Here was another disappointment to the "friends" of the two heroes, and as Hyer would have no other than a duel, and Morrissey as stubbornly refused to be a target to be shot at, they separated with a worse misunderstanding than ever. Morrissey's partizans urged him to "hit him anyhow," but with his usual foresight John refused to do it unless Tom took his hand out of his pocket, where he kept it, and a sharp lookout at the same time, all the time they were in company together. As they had made no previous arrangement as to "the how" of the fight, nothing was left but to return to the city, which they did.

February, 1855, brought the feuds among the fighting men (not pugilists) to a prominent position before public attention. Johnny Ling having undertaken to act as a counter-balance to Bill Poole, aggravated Tom Hyer into a personal encounter, and the "wars of the houses" raged more fiercely than ever. A deadly animosity took the place of sporting banter, and weapons began to take the place of fistic argument. One Saturday night, 24th February, Bill Poole stepped into a saloon called Stanwix Hall, at that time opposite the Metropolitan Hotel in Broadway. Much fight talk had been going on all the evening, and about midnight the quarrelsome elements were increased by the arrival of Paugene, Turner (a returned Californian), Lew Baker, and others of various inclinations. Paugene is said to have commenced abusing Poole with foul language, and Turner began the use of pistols. After this there is no very clear evidence, but several of the contestants were wounded, and Poole mortally so, for he died in twelve days afterward. Of all the persons present in the affray at Stanwix Hall, not one was a prize fighter. Shots were undoubtedly fired by both parties. Baker escaped in a vessel bound for the Canary Islands, but was subsequently brought back to New York in the clipper barque Grapeshot. Paugene, Turner, and Baker were afterward tried (the latter several times), but the juries could not agree upon the conflicting evidence. We only mention these circumstances on account of their incidental relations with genuine pugilistic occurrences.

At Poole's funeral, previous to the funeral service, Tom Hyer stood by the coffin weeping like a child, and if Poole's murderers could have witnessed that scene, it is thought the punishment would have been sufficient to expiate their crime. In this connection we here give the names of the pall-bearers at this, the greatest funeral of a citizen ever seen in the world: Tom Hyer, Cy Shay, S. Long, D. Williams, Chas. Feitner, Wm. Kent, Alderman Drake and Mr. Lane. About five months previous to the Poole murder, Lew Baker attacked Tom Hyer and fired a pistol shot at him in Dick Platt's saloon, then situated underneath Wallack's Old Theatre, now called the Broadway Theatre, but did him no injury. Hyer, seizing Baker's pistol, wrenched it from his grasp, and refused to take the satisfaction he so easily might have done.

While Dominick Bradley, of Philadelphia, was on a visit to this city in August, 1856, whither he had come to try and get on a match with Harry Gribben, which, after a lengthy newspaper controversy, fell through owing to the men not being able to agree upon a stakeholder after money had been put down to bind the match, a friend of Bradley's at the house of the late Matt Gooderson, where the meeting was held, stated in the presence of the assembled throng, that there was one man he would like to see Bradley fight, and that man was Tom Hyer. A friend of the Chieftan's, Mr. John Montgomery, took it up for him and put up $25 to the effect that Bradley could be accommodated for Dominick's expenses to come on here, and if both parties met, on the 23d of August, $500 a side was to be forthcoming, and the match to be made for $10,000 a side. The eventful 23d came, and with it, Dominick Bradley from the Quaker City, arriving at the appointed spot, Wm. Hastings', 208 Centre street, in due season, ready to go on with the match. It should be remembered that Tom Hyer had never been consulted at all in regard to the matter, neither had he authorized anybody to make the match. An immense crowd assembled at Sir William's, and betting was lively as to whether Hyer would appear or not, Morrissey laying a wager of $300 with Austin that he would not. Time flew on, but Hyer didn't show up, and his friend Montgomery having sent another friend to hunt him up, and he having found Hyer, returned with the unwelcome news that "he didn't wish to fight Mr. Bradley; neither did he wish to have anything to do with any of his crowd." This settled the Hyer and Bradley controversy.

As somebody must always be pick, pick, picking at the ex-champion, on the 1st of July, 1858, we find a burly Scotchman named Jim Stewart having a difficulty with Tom Hyer, at Ez White's, the Dexter House, then in Broome street, wherein Stewart got pretty roughly handled. Hyer's friends asserted that Stewart was the aggressor, while Stewart himself came out in a card to the effect that Tom commenced it, winding up with a challenge to the Chief to fight him a square fight, a rough and tumble fight, or any fight at all, but Hyer very sensibly didn't condescend to notice either him or his challenge.

In about a year from the "emeute" between Stewart and Hyer, John C. Heenan and the Old War Horse came within an ace of becoming matched for $20,000 a side. It is a well-known fact that the Benicia Boy got pretty roughly handled in Boston, in the summer of 1859, while returning from the National Theatre, where he had been giving an exhibition. A Mr. McCutcheon, of Boston, who was a particular friend of Tom Hyer's, had some trouble with Heenan in this city, McCutcheon receiving bad treatment, as he averred, at the hands of the Benicia Boy. The attack upon Heenan, in Boston, is said to have been made in retaliation, and when the two gladiators met at Ez White's on the 23d of July, 1859, Hyer was charged by Heenan with instigating McCutcheon to make the assault. Hot words ensued between Hyer and Heenan, each claiming superiority in the use of their knuckles; at length Hyer stated that he could whip Heenan for $20,000; the latter offered to make it a "go" for $10,000, and to this Hyer partly agreed, but finally insisted on making the match for $20,000. The banter was accepted, and the following April was named as the time to settle the dispute in a twenty-four foot ring. Before the agreement was signed, however, more hot words passed between the parties, and it was at length determined to step out upon the sidewalk and decide it there and then. On reaching the sidewalk, it appears, Hyer became impressed with the idea that a general attack was in contemplation, and that he would have no chance if he depended on his fists; he thereupon drew his revolver, and threatened to shoot the first man who molested him. Under these circumstances, a fist fight was out of the question, and the crowd present interfered to prevent Hyer from using his pistol. After another war of words, the parties dispersed without any further reference to the proposed match, and there the matter ended.

From this time down to the day of his death the Chief figured in no more quarrels of any consequence, and soon after the breaking out of the war we find him keeping a saloon under Laura Keene's Theatre, in company with Sam Welser, bar-tender at 444. Tom and Sam having bought out Sam Gallagher, who went to Washington as sutler. There he did very well for a time, but the kind of life was too tame for him, and after a few months they sold out the "lease, good will and fixtures" to some other fellow, and it is now occupied as the City Ale Vaults.

Knowing that no man would have a better chance to do business among the officials in Washington than Tom Hyer, a wide awake business man, now Johnny Lyng's right hand man, made Hyer an offer to go out with him to the Capitol, where a saloon was started bearing his name, and where many of the greatest men in the country used to go to get their "nip," for the sake of a chat with the pugilistic hero; for be it well known, when Tom was in his prime, he and Secretary Seward, together with the whole cabinet and all the great men in that city, were on the most intimate terms. An anecdote is told of Seward, while he and Tom were on a revenue cutter together. The Secretary of State, who is much shorter, jumped up on an eminence, and patting the Chief on the shoulder, said, "Tom, I'm *higher* than you now," which joke was well appreciated by the "array of talent" there and then congregated, but by none more than Hyer himself. Subsequently we find Tom engaged in the sutler-ing business, in which capacity he had many advantages over his fellows in getting his goods through, from his intimacy with those who had the reins in hand; just the same as Ned Price has at the present day. While engaged as sutler, Tom exposed himself more than his constitution would allow, and by sleeping in the open air for several nights, he contracted a severe attack of rheumatism, and was compelled to return to New York, his partner soon afterwards following suit.

The next we hear of him in public is when he kept a bar-room in Fourth street, near Broadway, at which saloon the writer of this article was presented by Hyer with a splendid cabinet-sized photograph of himself in citizen's dress. Speaking of portraits, whenever Tom got a little under the weather, he had a particular animosity against his lithograph drawn and designed by Mr. E. Brown, an uncle of T. Allston Brown, in 1849, representing him in attitude as he appeared when he fought Yankee Sullivan, and has destroyed quite a number he found hanging in saloons, but always made good for them when reason resumed its wonted sway. Why he was thus vindictive against his own likeness is more than we or any of his friends can fathom. His place in Fourth street didn't pay, and so, after a few months, he gave it up. This was the last public place in which he was interested.

Within the past year or so his disease gradually but surely got rooted in his system, and when the absurd rumor was circulated in Washington that he had matched himself with Joe Coburn for $10,000 a side soon after the latter fought McCoole, it seemed a mockery of his former greatness, situated as he was, unable to walk without the assistance of a cane, crutch, or a friend. About this time a benefit was gotten up for the great American ex-champion at the New Bowery Theatre, when Dan Bryant volunteered, and gave his famous stump speech. Tom Hyer, in company with Al. Conrey, Joe Coburn, Izzy Lazarus and Ned James, occupied a private box on the occasion, but the veteran had to be almost carried in and out of the theatre, and was therefore unable to respond to the cheers given for him, or appear on the stage, but he bowed his acknowledgements from the side box. Slowly and slowly his strength seemed to fail him, but his big heart fought against it, and on almost every fine afternoon he could be seen at Al. Conrey's "Express," Tommy Burns' "Nautilus Branch," or Ned Wilson's, in Bleecker street—three of his staunchest friends, who, in his hour of need, came forward to his assistance, while others, associates of the worthy pugilist when in his prime, although they knew his circumstances, seemed to avoid even recognition from the very man whose hands they would have licked, as a dog does those of his master, if he had only bid them do so. Notwithstanding all this, he was the same independent, fearless Tom Hyer as in his younger days, except his bodily ailments, and expressed his opinion freely, candidly, and fearlessly at all times. There was no half way about Tom—he would tell just what he thought of a man, neither did he abuse men behind their back instead of before their face. In fact, in every respect he was an extraordinary man, one in ten thousand, possessed of an iron will, nerves of steel, and the very spirit of honor and integrity. There certainly never was his like among the profession to which he was such an ornament and pride in the days of his youth and prosperity. Self-willed, afraid of neither man or devil, such a man, had he chosen a military career, would soon have become a marked character. His very presence and bearing showed that he was not to be trifled with, even to his last moments. Yet withal he was kind, generous, and communicative to all who understood his nature and made allowance for his infirmities and the constant pain he was in, owing to his sickness. During our acquaintance with Mr. Hyer we could not perceive wherein he was either selfish or mean, as some of his enemies assert; on the contrary, it was just the reverse whenever we met him, whether by chance or appointment.

Tom Hyer always had the greatest respect for, and highest opinion of Jem Ward, the great English boxer, and although neither one ever saw each other, they kept up a correspondence for years. Only a few short weeks ago, Tom sent over a letter to Jem Ward by Johnny Mackey, telling Jem that he, Hyer, would be over to see him the coming fall, little dreaming that by the time it reached its destination the writer thereof would be cold in death. Tom, however sick, never appeared to think of death, which had been looked for by his friends for many months past, although it came when least expected. Less than a month ago, the proposition was made to get up another benefit for Hyer, and John Poole, brother to Bill, without any personal solicitation, took the matter in hand in the kindest manner possible, and carried it through very successfully, for which he deserves the greatest credit. The benefit came off at the Stuyvesant Institute on Tuesday, the 21st of June. For the following week Tom was around every day in a carriage, collecting his tickets, riding in an open barouche, exposing himself to the hottest rays of the sun, and as a matter of course drank a great many times, light drinks and ice water. The two days previous to his death the heat was most intense and oppressive, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 96 degrees in the shade, yet during this heated term, he was out in the hottest part of it, and on the evening before he died partook largely of ice water, and his friends attribute his death more to the effects of the heat than anything else at this particular time, and we are of the same opinion. The circumstances of his decease were stated in our last, but we here refer to it to make our record as complete as possible; Tom Hyer died at about 6 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of June, of cardiac dropsy, according to the verdict of the Coroner's jury.

On Tuesday, the 28th of June, his funeral took place from his late residence, 155 East 35th street, and all the forenoon, up to about four o'clock in the afternoon, numbers of citizens and friends of the late Chief visited the house to take one last, lingering look on all that remained of the once powerful, handsome and popular American pugilist. Mr. Henry Wilson, of No. 31 Sixth Avenue, furnished the undertaking, but Mr. Allen Conrey attended early in the morning to render what assistance he could, and was of material benefit to Mr. Wilson in his duties. Mr. Hyer, as he lay in his coffin, dressed in a suit of black, looked very natural, his face, though a little swollen, having the appearance as if he was in a quiet slumber instead of sleeping the sleep of death. The coffin was enveloped in black velvet, covered with small diamond-shaped ornaments, and on the outside was placed a wreath of immortels. On the plate was the following inscription:

THOMAS HYER,
BORN JANUARY 1ST, 1819,
Died June 26th, 1864.
Aged 45 years, 5 months, and 26 days.

The room contained several ladies, friends and relatives of the deceased, whose faces indicated the grief they felt at the demise of him whom they so much loved. Hyer's mother sat at the head of the coffin, and Mrs. Hyer, who had been unceasing in her attentions to him during his long illness, was also present, both completely overcome with grief. Among those congregated in and about the house, assembled to see the last of the lamented pugilist, we noticed Johnny Lyng, Major Yeamans, Alderman Reed, John W. Whitney, Mr. Waldron, Mr. Abrahams, Joseph Foote, and many others whose faces are familiar, but whose names we cannot call to mind. The pall-bearers were as follows:

ALLEN CONREY,	J. STURGIS,
THOS. C. BURNS,	W. MOUNT,
CHAS. LOZIER,	WM. PROCHE,
A. WALLACE,	JERRY HALEY.

Soon after four o'clock, P. M., the coffin was carried down the steps and placed in the hearse, amid the sobbing and weeping of the ladies, and the followers entered their carriages, three of which contained the immediate relatives and connections of the late Mr. Hyer, with five others engaged by a few of his most true and trusty friends who had used their influence and lent their assistance in every possible way during his sickness and adversity. Among the most prominent of these were Izzy Lazarus, his sons, John and Harry, and Captain Lynch, of California, who filled one coach; Ed. Wilson, Mr. Holcomb, and Ned James, occupied another; Robert Smith and lady following in a light wagon. The procession, small as it was, was a mournful one, and scarcely a word was exchanged during the long ride to Greenwood. Little knots gathered on the corners during the route, asking one of another whose funeral it was, and when told, they looked at the hearse and coffin with an expression as if they were too anxious to gaze upon the form within. The route taken was down the Third Avenue to the Bowery, through the Bowery to Catharine street, across the ferry to Main street, Brooklyn, up Main to Henry street, and so on till they reached Greenwood Cemetery, where, in a newly made grave in a locality hardly said to be laid out yet, and not far from the spot where Harry Lazarus' little boy was buried, they lowered the cold and lifeless body into the ground, amid the hysterical weeping of his poor old mother, whose heart was almost broken, and the poignant grief of the little party assembled to perform the last sad rites to the departed Chief. It was a solemn scene, and the mourners seemed riveted to the spot, casting sad looks upon the ground as the grave was being filled, and never leaving until the work had been completed. Thus has passed into another world one of the noblest of God's creation, his spirit is at rest, and for him, let us hope and pray that there may be no more care and sorrow, but that his soul has gone to its Maker who created it. Poor Tom!

Now that the last duty has been performed to his body, we would suggest that a subscription be started at once to raise funds to erect a suitable monument to mark the last resting place of one of the most remarkable men of his time, THOMAS HYER. Our mournful task is over, and if we have failed to do the man justice, it is the fault of the head and not the heart.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE MOTHER AND WIDOW OF THE LATE THOMAS HYER.

NEW YORK, June 30, 1864.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:—

Having learned that the mother and widow of Mr. Hyer are in very limited circumstances, and it being established in two former instances (Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Harrington) that they need not remain so long, permit me to suggest, through your wide spread columns, the sending an amount for them by contributions, to be sent to Mr. John Decker, Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, who will act as treasurer to the fund. Cheerfully I subscribe my mite—$250. Mr. Decker's office is No. 21 Elizabeth street. JOHN MORRISSEY.

SUBSCRIPTION.

John Morrissey	$250	A friend	25
A friend	100	A friend	10
A friend	100		
A friend	50	Total thus far	$535

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

JULY 6.—Nassau vs. Atlantic, at Bedford.
6.—Active vs. Empire, (2d nines,) at Hoboken at 2½ P. M.
7.—Nassau vs. Eureka, at Newark.
8.—Atlantic vs. Eureka, on the Capitoline ground, at Bedford, at 3 P. M.
13.—Empire vs. Active, return game, first nines, at Hob'kn.
20.—Atlantic vs. Eagle, first nines, single game.
28.—Resolute vs. Athletic, on the Olympic Ball ground, Philadelphia, at 3 P. M.
29.—Resolute vs. Camden, at Camden, at 9 A. M.
29—Resolute vs. Keystone, on the grounds of the latter, at 3 P. M.
30.—Resolute vs. Olympic, on the Olympic ground, at 3 P. M.
—.—Nassau vs. Eckford.
—.—Nassau vs. Mutual.
—.—Nassau vs. Star.

ATLANTIC vs. EMPIRE.

These clubs have not played a game together since 1856 up to the 30th of June of this year, on which occasion they met on the Capitoline grounds, at Bedford, playing a game of five innings only, however, owing to the interruptions caused by a shower of rain. The result at the close of the fifth innings was a tie, the same being 13 to 13. The wet ball and the slippery condition of the ground, in the three last innings played, rendered good fielding almost impossible, and therefore comment on the play would scarcely be fair. In the fly catching business, however, Benson and P. O'Brien distinguished themselves, the former and Westervelt taking the lead in batting. The most friendly intercourse characterised the proceedings throughout, and the hospitality of the Atlantics at the close of the game completed the restoration of the *entente cordiale* between the clubs. The appended score shows that the placing of the Atlantic run in the first innings was an error of judgement. In the fourth innings, however, they restored the men to their proper positions. Smith and Crane were absent, Elmendorf and the veteran Tice Hamilton taking their places. Hamilton was placed in a position new to him instead of his old place of right field, and Start put in the worst position that could have been given him. The third base is no place for a left hand man. Pearce, too, cannot play short field now as he once did, whereas behind he is at home. The Atlantics, however, seem to have an idea that they can place their nine anyhow, and yet win. We think the result of this game proves that they cannot. They got out of a very tight spot, and had the Empires played

A FINE SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

All ardent acts affright an age abased,
By brutal broils, by braggart bravery braced,
Craft's cankered courage changed Culloden's cry;
"Deal peep," deposed! "deal death!"—"decoy!" "defy!"
Enough. Ere envy enter England's eyes.
Fancy's false future fades, for fortune flies.
Gaut, gloomy, guarded, grappling giant grieves,
Here, hunted hard, his harassed heart he heaves:
In impious ire incessant ills invest,
Judging Jove's jealous judgment, jaundiced jest!
Kneel, kirtled knights! keep keene kingcraft known,
Let larger lore life's levelling lessons load;
Marauders must meet malefactors needs:
No nation noisy nonconformists needs,
Oracles of gold! our orb ordain
Peace's possession—Plenty's palmy plain!
Quiet Quixotic quests; quell quarrelling;
The threatening thunders throbbing through their throat.
Usurper! uniform unwont
Vail valor's vaguest venture—vainest vaunt.
Well wot ye which were wise. War's wildfire won
Ximenes, Xerxes, Xavier, Xenophon
Yet you, ye yearling youth, young years yield,
Zuinlius's zealot zest—Zinzendorf's Zion zealed.

BOGUS MINSTRELS;

OR,

Sailing under the Flag of the Campbells.

WITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY PLUTO, OF CORINTH.

Two jolly good fellows, taking them on an average, were and always are Cass Hodell and Charley Brundage. They had an adventure not long since on the Mississippi worth relating. They are both fond of speculation, when it pays, and took a trip to New Orleans with other kindred spirits to buy up cotton just before Banks' brilliant (when illuminated by special artists) Red river expedition.

However, that once they were unlucky, and instead of "making a pile" they got "cleaned out," and found themselves bound up the river on board of a St. Louis passenger boat, with their passages paid, but "nary red" to wet their lips with, though Bourbon and similar comforts were plenty at the bar. Both were smokers, yet not even a segar could they buy. And worse than all, they knew when they got to St. Louis they would have to board on tick, if they *could* do so, until they could get the needful from home to pay up scores and carry them on. They were in a sorry fix for boys that knew what life was and liked to enjoy it. They had not a friend or acquaintance on board, though the boat was crowded with passengers, so they kept for the first day or two pretty much to their state room.

In visiting the barber's shop to see other folks get shaved and have their hair dressed, Cass happened to see a banjo. Now if Cass is really good at anything, it is music. He can play upon anything, from a jews-harp, or a harp of a thousand strings, to a key-bugle, or a Comborine. He took up the banjo carelessly, as if to see whether it was in tune, and struck up a regular old plantation jig in a style that instantly produced an electrical effect in the barber's shop. The darkies suspended tonsorial operations in an instant, and listened at first with astonishment and then with delight.

In a few minutes a couple of them were "hoeing it down" the floor in a manner that would have set the Bryant boys wild. A crowd gathered, looked on, applauded, and Cass found himself suddenly immortalized in that region.

"Isn't he a professional, sir?" asked a wounded officer, who was going North for his health, addressing Charley Brundage.

"Yes, sir, but do not mention it on board, as he is desirous of remaining *incognito*," said Charley, in a low and mysterious tone.

"Isn't he one of the Campbells? It seems to me that I've seen him before," continued the officer.

"He is *the* Campbell, sir. But please don't say a word about it. I am his intimate friend and know how much he wishes to remain unknown. But it is dull on board, and happening to see that old banjo he couldn't keep his hands off it."

"So I see; he plays magnificently. I wish you'd introduce me so that I can ask him and yourself to join me in a bottle of wine."

"I will, but I must introduce you to him by the name he chooses to go under to avoid publicity—Cass Hodell."

"Certainly; my name is Captain Morris, of the 148th Regiment. Introduce me, and I will be careful not to let him know that I am aware of his real name."

With the wine in prospect, you may be assured Charley was not slow in calling Cass off from his musical amusement and introducing him to the officer. This done, with some difficulty they worked their way through the crowd and out to the bar, where a bottle of sparkling Catawba was soon popped and dispensed. Another followed, and then cigars, and then the trio walked aft, where Captain Morris introduced his new acquaintance to a dozen or two more wounded officers like himself, and the two b'hoys soon found themselves the centre of a right jovial circle of "shoulder-straps."

Repeated invitations to drink and smoke were the consequences, as the fame of the banjo playing of Cass spread wider and wider, and more than once a repetition was hinted at, if not actually asked for. But Cass grew unusually modest, and neither could or did not take the hints, remarking that he was only a very ordinary player, who sometimes touched an instrument for his own amusement.

"Well, we shall not perish for want of a drink once in a while, it seems!" said Cass, when at last he and Charley got into their state-room, with as much ardent aboard as they could carry themselves straight under.

"You may thank me for it, too!" said Charley, and then, with great glee, he related the story that he had told to the officer.

"Curse it! Charley, that is going too far. I don't like to sail under false colors," said Cass.

"Oh, it is nothing; it will not go beyond Captain Morris, I am sure," said Charley.

At that instant a knock was heard at their state-room door. It was opened, and one of the waiters handed Cass an open note.

He looked at the superscription; it was directed to Mr. Campbell. He was about to say that the note was not for him, when Charley begged him to read it. As the waiter was gone, he did so. It was a request, signed by some twenty or thirty passengers, mostly officers, that Mr. Campbell and friend would give a concert on board that evening, putting his tickets at any price he chose.

Cass was about to rush out and indignantly declare that he was not Mr. Campbell, and a peg above the minstrel business, when Charley, in a very matter-of-fact way, said:

"Cass, don't make a devilish ass of yourself! Here we are, nearly two thousand miles from home, without even a postage stamp in our pockets! You'll acknowledge that, will you not?"

"*Yes!*" growled Cass, in a splendid basso tone.

"Well, Providence—or 'some other man'—has opened us a chance to get out of the scrape decently!"

"I'd like to know how!"

"Why, by giving a concert, as these gentlemen desire. I play the violin, you know, even more than passably well, and have got my old Cremona in my trunk. I expected to have to sell it when we got to St. Louis, but now I see a way to save it. You are death on the banjo; know every nigger song in the books, and some that were never there. I can sing a good second to you, and will help you all I can. Now be reasonable—*be* Mr. Campbell, and give the concert they ask for. It will at least give us means to get home decently with."

"But suppose it is known when we get there that we've been blacked up and playing minstrel? What would sweet Molly Eisenheart, and Dorothy Merritt, and Carrie Bushell, and all the rest of our set say? They'd cut us forever."

"They need never know it. Come, Cass, remember we are flat broke!"

Cass groaned, but he gave his consent at last, and Charley penned a very neat note, in the name of Mr. Campbell, consenting to give the concert so urgently requested, but regretting that he had not all of his company with him. He would do as well as he could with his first tenor and chief violinist, putting his tickets at fifty cents.

Charley and Cass were busy all that afternoon tuning up the violin and banjo, making a couple of wigs out of the curled hair mattress in their state-room, burning corks, and rigging up dresses to suit the occasion.

Evening came, and the large ladies' cabin, which was selected as the concert room, was filled to overflowing—filled to such an extent that, after it was full, the doors beyond, leading into the main saloon, had to be opened to keep the visitors from suffocation.

The concert went off splendidly, apparently to the satisfaction of every one, and so far even to the non-ticketed persons in the saloon, that they made up a very handsome collection for the performers without a hint to that effect.

When Cass and Charley counted their gains that night, having no rent or assistants to pay, they found that they had made over one hundred and fifty dollars.

"I wonder if the minstrel business always pays as well as this?" said Cass, as he gave Charley half of the greenbacks and put the other half in his own pocket. "If it does, it is better than speculating in cotton."

He thought so before they got to St. Louis, for they had to give four repetitions of their concert before the trip was over, and landed with the good will of every soul on board, and nearly a thousand dollars ahead between them.

Whether their "set" know of it, or not, yet, "Pluto" has not paused to enquire; but as he got the story from one of the parties, he considers it too good to keep, and so the CLIPPER has it, among its other good things, on record.

☞ "SOLDIERS must be fearfully dishonest," says Mrs. Partington, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."

THE COCK FIGHT.

A Tale of Mexican Chivalry.

IN Mexico there is no variety of sport that produces a more general excitement than the cock fight. It is not confined, as might be supposed, to any particular class of persons. Between the generalissimo of the army and the rawest recruit, the President of the Republic and the humblest hind, the archbishop of the church and the meekest member, there is no difference. In the amphitheatre, side by side, stand the priest and the peasant, the hunter and the herdsman, the shopman and the soldier. In juxtaposition may be seen the old man, whose dangling locks are white as the polar snows; the slender youth, whose limbs are slowly rounding into manhood, and the truant boy, scarce old enough to lisp his Spanish name. It is common to every caste and condition, to every age and vocation; and even women are sometimes the willing observants of this barbarous sport.

The excitement of the cock fight differs, in some respects, from all other kinds of strife. To the course, a man carries his prejudices and his preferences. The name or reputation of the horse, the favor or friendship of the owner, or, if unacquainted with either, the gait and color of the former not unfrequently influence his wagers. His feelings once enlisted, he abandons himself to the hope of success. His eyes follow the swift steed in his circuitous course, as long as he leads the race, with a manifest pleasure that is wholly indescribable; and if he falls behind, the gloom of disappointment slowly settles upon his countenance, and his lips instinctively compress to smother the swelling rage within.

But in either case he is seldom unprepared for the result. The strife is not the work of a moment. There is always ample time to note the movement of each horse, to remark upon his speed and bottom, and to calculate the chances of a prosperous termination.

And so it is with the bull fight. Announced beforehand, and for many days the common theme of conversation, the community are filled with anticipation. Perhaps thousands have visited the combatants and carefully examined their respective powers, noting the size, the color, the horns, the hoofs, and the strength of the one, and the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the height, the limbs, and the muscles of the others; and they enter the arena, alike familiar with the qualities of the bull and gladiators.

The former stands in the midst of the arena, his head and tail elevated, his nostrils distended, and his glaring eyes like balls of fire—the breathing personification of astonishment. Presently the latter enter through wickets, amid the deafening shouts of the overlooking multitude, and approach the excited beast in opposite directions. He looks at one, and then at the other, and for a moment remains undecided; but the waving of a red scarf determines him, and he darts towards his provoker with the swiftness of the wind. By a dexterous movement of his person, under cover of the scarf, the gladiator escapes the onset, and plunges his knife deep into the body of the angry beast, which, with a rage greatly increased by the smart of the wound, turns upon his wily adversary "fierce as ten furies."

But if, perchance, the second attempt is more successful, and the gladiator is forced to the earth, his comrade instantly flies to his relief; and though the horn of the bull may touch the breast of the prostrate man, the slightest noise behind usually diverts his attention. And thus the strife continues, until the gladiators, bruised and mangled, fly from the field, or the bull, faint from the loss of blood, sinks down in death at the feet of his conquerors.

But very different is the excitement of the cock-pit, where all go, the bettor as well as the spectator, without predilection. For, until after their arrival, it is unknown even to the cockers themselves, what birds will be pitted. From a large number, always exposed for sale on such occasions, the principal bettors select, each, one, and place them in the hands of the gamekeepers for preparation.

These birds having been some time previously bereft of the weapons nature designed for their defence, are now furnished with gaffles or artificial spurs, each of which is a polished steel blade, about three inches in length, half an inch wide at the base, curved slightly upwards, sharp at the point and on the upper edge, and firmly fastened to the leg by means of a clasp.

Thus armed and ready for the fight, they are carried about the pit by the gamekeepers, who hold them aloft for the observation of the spectators. It is during this exhibition that the side-bets are made, and the fight is not commenced until the confusion thereupon consequent has entirely subsided.

In general, the cocks so far differ from each other in size of body, color of plumage, or length of tail, as to be easily distinguished. Sometimes, however, there is no perceptible difference beyond that afforded by the help of the knife, by which one has been previously divested of his comb and gills; and sometimes, when neither or both have been subjected to the cutting process, it becomes necessary, as a distinction, to encumber the leg of one with a bit of white cloth, the disadvantage to be determined by lot.

As the original bettors under the direction of the gamekeepers usually select the finest cocks in the market, palpable inequalities are very unfrequent, and wagers are almost universal. Indeed, so strong is the gambling propensity among the people, that there is scarcely one who does not avail himself of the opportunity to wager something on the issue of the combat.

When all the bets are taken and the crowd has become thoroughly settled, then begins the breathless excitement peculiar to this species of sport. The gamekeepers advance towards the centre of the pit, until within a pace or two of each other, when they release the cocks and retire.

These warlike birds, oftentimes before their feet have touched the earth, fly upon each other with a violence that, in the rebound, brings them both upon their backs. But, as soon as they have recovered, they renew the onslaught, and their sharp slashing strokes follow each other in quick succession, until the contest is terminated by disability or death.

The incident I am about to relate occurred in the city of Saltillo. It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the first Sunday of May, 1847, Lieut. Cordell and myself were on our way to the cathedral. As we passed the head of one of the narrow cross streets, our attention was attracted by a large crowd in front of a two storied building, the lower part of which was used for a grog-shop.

At that day a gathering in any public place always indicated something of an exciting character; usually a fight or a fandango, both of which were of almost daily occurrence. The former more frequently happened in the streets, and the latter in the houses; but sometimes this order was reversed. But whatever occasioned the throng, as long as the excitement continued, the number increased, every passer-by stopping to inquire the cause.

As our attendance at the cathedral was prompted by curiosity rather than devotion, we quickly turned aside and joined the crowd. On a near approach we observed Guy Winthrop, the poet of our regiment, vigorously elbowing his way towards a narrow wicket in the wall. As a lyrist, he had no superior in the army, save Captain Pike, who wrote the "Battle of Buena Vista," at which the Arkansas cavalry were present when the fight commenced. But, with all his lyrical talents, he had a keen relish for the ludicrous, and was a great lover of excitement and fun; and he managed to find out nearly every amusement, yet was seldom seen at an indifferent exhibition. Thus encouraged, we also directed our efforts to the point mentioned, and, by dint of hard crowding and the expenditure of a brace of picayunes, at length gained admittance.

On passing the wicket, we found ourselves in a narrow winding passage that led to the back inclosure, in the centre of which stood an amphitheatre; a circular building about thirty-eight or forty feet in diameter. The walls, not less than fifteen feet high, were built of brick and mortar, and carefully plastered on both sides with a hard cement. Five rows of seats, one rising above another, completely surrounded the inside of the edifice.

Long before our arrival every seat was occupied, and all the space intervening between them and the pit was densely crowded with bystanders. By the assistance of an old friend, who remembered a trifling service rendered some time previous by my companion, we obtained permission to sit upon the top of the wall, whence we could observe all that occurred below with entire satisfaction.

In the pit, which was formed of a wall about three feet high, and sixty in circumference, were not less than half a hundred boys, each with a cock under his arm. Great rivalry prevailed among them, and they hurried from place to place, using every means in their power to attract attention and secure purchasers.

There was an abundant opportunity for choice among the cocks, which were of almost every shade and variety of color, from the blackness of soot to the whitness of snow; in addition to which, some were not bigger than a woman's fist, and some were as large as a man's head; while the prices ranged from a rial to a dollar.

A Mexican dandy was endeavoring to draw a wager from a sutler's clerk. They appeared to have difficulty in reconciling some trifling difference. Their conversation was only audible to themselves, and those in their immediate vicinity; but it was evident, from their excited manner, that there was little likelihood of an agreement.

In the midst of their quarrel, which might have led to something more serious than words, the corpulent figure of Brigadier General M—— suddenly darkened the entrance, and his stentorian voice filled the amphitheatre. In a moment all eyes were turned upon the new comer, as he pushed forward towards the pit, calling upon the venders to exhibit their cocks.

The crowd, unaccustomed to such an august presence, instinctively drew back on either hand, affording the elephant an opportunity to pass through unchecked, where a moment before the weasel must have forced his way at the risk of his bones.

The general was closely followed by a Catholic priest, clad in a suit of gray broadcloth, worn quite threadbare. Over his shoulders loosely hung a blanket which had once been very valuable, and most probably as beautiful. On his head was a red flannel skull cap fantastically ornamented with black velvet, and in shape not unlike those frequently worn by jockeys.

At sight of the American officer, all the boys rushed forward, holding their cocks aloft, and clamoring like as many inmates of Bedlam. Each spoke in praise of his own, and in dispraise of every other; all at the same moment, and every one at the top of his voice.

There was something ludicrous in the scene, especially to the general, who understood not a word of Spanish. For the first dozen seconds he was amused; but as the boys pressed about him, shouting in his ears, and thrusting their cocks in his face, the scene gradually lost its interest. At length he became impatient and then indignant.

"Begone, you noisy scamps!" he cried, in a thundering voice, accompanied by an angry wave of his fat hand. The words were uttered in English, and only understood by the interpreter at the priest's elbow; but the gesture had a true Spanish significance, and operated like a charm.

Those nearest the commander retired in silence, completely awed by his indignant manner. But, like Æsop's fox, that drove away the glutted flies, their places were immediately filled with a fresh swarm, shouting even louder than their half-exhausted fellows. This was too much for endurance; the general's anger was thoroughly aroused, and he turned about abruptly and addressed the priest.

"Father Ambrose!" said he, in a resolute tone, at the same time pulling a revolver from his breast pocket, "you must instantly command order and silence, or I'll let off the contents of this weapon among those noisy devils, and make them howl for something."

Immediately the priest raised his finger and uttered a brief remark, and all the boys, devoutly crossing themselves, withdrew to the other side of the pit. Here they remained quietly until one of the game-keepers arrived and ordered them to be seated.

When all had taken their places, the priest entered the pit, followed by the interpreter, the stakeholder, and the dandy before mentioned. The general was in that peculiar maudlin condition that always unfits a man for climbing, so he contented himself with a seat on the wall of the pit, between two of the venders.

On raising his eyes to the crowded seats that rose nearly to the top of the wall of the edifice, they chanced to fall upon my companion, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and he immediately summoned him to his assistance. I retained my seat, as it afforded an excellent opportunity for observation.

"Lieutenant," said the general, extending his hand in a friendly manner, "I am exceedingly glad to meet you, for I've been playing monte with that old gray friar until I'm penniless. I want to borrow fifty dollars to bet on a cock-fight, for I'm bound to win my money back or sink my commission."

"General," said my friend, who clearly perceived his condition, and wished to preserve him from the knavery of the priest, "it would afford me much pleasure, but it is quite out of my power. I have not got above a fourth of that sum in my possession."

"Well, give me what you have," said the brigadier, "and borrow the balance from your chum," alluding to myself, "or from some of those volunteers," pointing to a group of Kentucky cavalry, who occupied seats on the opposite side of the amphitheatre.

My friend, still anxious to thwart the crafty old churchman, interposed several objections, but the determination of the general bore down all opposition. The required sum was raised without difficulty, and with a similar amount from the purse of the priest, deposited in the hands of the stakeholder; after which the general retired to a seat in a small balcony above the entrance, usually reserved for the principal bettors, leaving the matter entirely in the hands of my friend.

From this moment the rascality of the priest was manifest in every transaction. The cock that he proposed to pit, chosen beforehand under the advice of a noted cockmaster, was immediately brought forward and placed in the hands of a gamekeeper for preparation. Against this advantage Cordell strongly protested, but to no purpose, for the priest was inflexible.

This reduced the matter to an alternative—to select from the birds in the pit, or draw the stakes and pay the forfeit. But the general would not consent to the latter, although his representative, who saw at a glance that among all the fowls present there was not a match for the priest's, urged upon him its propriety, supported by reasons that would certainly have influenced a sober brain.

Compelled to make a selection, Cordell passed around the pit, and taking the birds in his hands one after another, gave them a careful examination. Having accomplished the round, he designated his choice and demanded the price, at the same time drawing forth a long silken purse well filled with Benton mint-drops.

The vender, whose eyes sparkled at the sight of the gold, was about to reply when his words were arrested by the voice of the priest, who uttered but a single sound, his face piously averted to heaven, and his attenuated fingers busy with his beads. The vender quickly raised his eyes to the master of his will, and then said, with utter reluctance, that his bird was not for sale.

Another selection was made, but with a similar result. A third, fourth and fifth followed, but with no better success. Not less than twenty applications were made, and followed by as many refusals. The highest price was offered and declined. The value was doubled and trebled, but all to no purpose. Among all those fifty boys so eager to sell only a few moments before, not one could be prevailed upon to part with his property.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MIDNIGHT FIGHT WITH BURGLARS.

SEVERAL years ago, when the south of Ireland was, as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, in a disturbed state, a gentleman advanced in years lived in a retired country house. He was a bachelor, and, whether trusting to his supposed popularity, or imagining that the general alarm among the gentry was groundless, he continued in his lonely mansion long after his neighbors had quitted theirs for a safer residence in town. He had been indisposed for several days, and, on the night he was attacked, had taken his supper in his bed-room, which was on the ground floor, and inside a parlor with which it communicated. The servants went to bed, the house was shut up for the night, and the tea-tray, with its appurtenances, by a providential oversight, was forgotten in the old man's chamber.

Some hours after he had retired to bed he was alarmed at hearing a window lifted in the outer apartment; his chamber door was ajar, and the moon shone brilliantly through the open casement, rendering objects in the parlor distinct and perceptible to any person in the inner room. Presently a man leaped in through the window, and three others followed him in quick succession. The old man sprang from his bed, but unfortunately there were no arms in the apartment; recollecting, however, the forgotten supper-tray, he provided himself with a case-knife, and resolutely took his stand behind the open door. He had one advantage over his murderers—they were in the full moonlight, and he shrouded in impenetrable darkness.

A momentary hesitation took place among the party, who seemed undecided as to which of them should enter, for, acquainted with the locality of the house, they knew well where the devoted victim slept. At last one of the villains cautiously approached; stood a moment in the doorway, hesitated, advanced a step—not a whisper was heard, a breathless silence reigned around, and the apartment before him was dark as the grave itself.

"Go on, blast ye! What the deuce are ye afeerd of?" said the rough voice of an associate behind; he took a second step, and the old man's knife was buried in his heart! No second thrust was requisite; for, with a deep groan, the robber sank dead upon the floor.

The obscurity of the chamber, the sudden destruction caused by the deadly thrust, prevented the ruffians in the outer room from knowing the fate of their companion. A second presented himself, crossed the threshold, stumbled against his dead associate, and received the old man's knife in his bosom. The wound, though mortal, was not so fatal as the other, and the ruffian had time to ejaculate that he was a dead man!

Instantly several shots were fired, but the old gentleman's position sheltered him from the bullets. A third assassin then advanced, leveled a long fowling-piece through the doorway, and actually rested the barrel against the old man's body. The direction, however, was a slanting one, and, with admirable self-possession, he remained steady till the murderer drew the trigger, and the ball passed him without injury; but the flash from the gun unfortunately disclosed the place of his ambush. Then commenced a desperate struggle—the robber, a powerful and athletic ruffian, seized his victim around the body—there was no equality between the combatants with regard to strength, and although the old man struck often and furiously with his knife, the blows were ineffectual, and he was thrown heavily upon the floor with the murderer above him. Even then, at that moment, his presence of mind saved this heroic gentleman. He found that the blade of the knife had turned, and he contrived to straighten it upon the floor. The ruffian's hands were already upon his throat—the pressure became suffocating—a few moments more and the contest must have ended; but an accidental movement of his body exposed the murderer's side—the old man struck with his remaining strength a deadly blow—the robber's grasp relaxed—and, with a yell of mortal agony, he fell lifeless across his exhausted antagonist.

Horror-struck by the death-shriek of their comrades, the banditti wanted courage to enter that gloomy chamber which had been already fatal to so many. They poured an irregular volley in, and, leaping through the open window, ran off, leaving their lifeless companions behind.

Lights and assistants came presently—the chamber was a pool of gore, and the old man, nearly in a state of insensibility, was covered with the blood and encompassed by the bodies of his intended murderers. He recovered, however, to enjoy for years his well-won reputation, and to receive from the Irish viceroy the honor of knighthood, which never was conferred upon a braver man.

THE TURF.

TROTTING MATCH FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

On Monday, June 27th, a very interesting trotting match for one thousand dollars, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off on the Union Course, L. I., between Hiram Woodruff's bay gelding, Cardinal, and Dan Mace's sorrel mare, Minnie. There was a great amount of interest centered in this match. Cardinal was well known to be a good one from his previous performances this spring. He made his *debut* on the trotting turf on the Union Course, in the opening trot of the season, in a race of mile heats, in harness, against ex-Alderman McMahon's brown mare, Sally-Come-Up, when the latter proved victorious after four heats were trotted. Cardinal winning the second—the best time was 2.51. A week afterwards he went against the same mare, and Dan Mace's b. g. Wonderful, in a similar race. Here again he was beaten by Sally, after winning the first and third heats, and making a dead heat of the second: the mare winning the fourth, fifth and sixth heats. The time made showed a marked improvement in the speed of both horses: the first heat being won by Cardinal in 2 min. 41¼ secs., or nearly ten seconds less than the time made the preceding week. Exactly one week afterwards Cardinal trotted against Lady Blake in a race of mile heats, to wagons, on the same course, when he scored his first victory, winning the first, second and fifth heats; his fastest time being 2 min. 45¼ secs. Previous to this race he had been sold by Mr. James D. McMann, who had raised and trained him, for $1500, to Mr. Louis Pettit, who soon afterwards matched him against Mr. Turnbull's mare Minnie, in the present race. His opponent, Minnie, had trotted two matches this season against Lady Litchfield, on the Fashion Course, winning both, subsequent to which her owner, Mr. Turnbull, finding she began to exhibit a propensity for kicking, sold her to Dan Mace, the well-known trainer and driver, without her engagement in the match with Cardinal. There was a large attendance of the regular *habitues* of the trotting track present to witness the race, and speculation was very brisk on the issue. Cardinal had a decided call in the betting, as much as $100 to $50 being offered and taken on his winning. In the first heat Minnie had the pole, and Cardinal breaking before they had gone many yards, the mare opened a gap of two lengths on the first quarter. Hiram, however, soon steadied his horse, and closed up the gap rapidly, carrying the mare off her feet at the quarter pole, which was passed in 42 secs. He kept increasing his lead on the back stretch, as the mare refused to settle down into a trot, and was six lengths ahead at the half-mile pole. Time 1 min. 24 secs. He maintained his advantage all the way home, winning the heat easily by ten lengths, in 2 min. 47¼ secs. The indisposition to trot shown by the mare in this heat, made her friends afraid to take the $100 to $25 freely offered against her. As in the first heat, Cardinal broke as soon as the word was given, and the mare led to the quarter-pole, as before, in 42 secs. Here she broke and the gelding gave her the go by, and led her a length and a half at the half-mile pole, in 1 min. 25 secs. His winning now appeared such a certainty that such old turfmen as Barry Cornell and Cooper, bet $100 to $10 on it. The uncertainty of trotting was now strikingly exemplified, for the mare commenced trotting beautifully on the third quarter, closed on and yoked him, and in a fine race up the homestretch, carried him fairly off his feet, and came home a winner by two lengths, in 2 min. 46¼ secs. In the third heat the betting became even, and the layers of long odds on the gelding were most industrious in their efforts to "get out." The race was similar to the last, Cardinal breaking and then closing and passing the mare, when she went off her feet in her usual place, and the latter resuming the lead, when the gelding broke on the homestretch, and won the heat by two lengths, in 2 min. 46¼ secs. The fourth heat, in which $100 to $20 were freely bet on Minnie, resulted in the same way, she winning it by ten lengths, in 2 min. 47 secs. Minnie has now trotted seven races, winning six of them. We give the

SUMMARY.

Union Course, L. I., trotting, Monday, June 27, 1863. Match $1,000, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

D. Mace named s. m. "Minnie.....2 1 1 1
H. Woodruff named b. g. Cardinal.....1 2 2 2

TIME.	Quarter.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First heat	42 sec.	1:24	2:47¼
Second heat	42 —	1:25	2:46¼
Third heat	42 —	1:25	2:46¼
Fourth heat	42 —	1:28	2:47

THE NEW YORK SPRING RACES.

FIRST DAY.

The spring meeting of the New York Jockey Club commenced on the Centreville Course, L. I., on Tuesday, June 28, under auspices of the most favorable character. There was a large number of horses at Centreville, in consequence of the superior advantages of the track for training them and getting them ready after the fatigues of the Paterson meeting, for running out their engagements. The horses of Messrs. Morris, Moore, Bush, Weldon and Pinkus were all located there, and on the first day the three first named stables furnished the three winners of the races. The weather was delightfully pleasant, and the air of an enjoyable temperature; the track, also, was in splendid condition, although a little rain might have been an improvement. The attendance was good, and would have been considerably larger but for some mismanagement either on the part of the race authorities or the Jamaica Railroad Company; for although a special train was announced at two o'clock P. M. from South Ferry, there was none provided, and numbers were disappointed in consequence.

The pool sales on the track were held under the shade of the trees near the grand stand, and were conducted by Messrs. Somerindyke and Armstrong, in the absence of the popular turfman, Robert Underwood, the regular pool auctioneer, who had a prior engagement to officiate at the annual sale of thoroughbreds belonging to Mr. R. A. Alexander, of Lexington, Ky., the most extensive and celebrated American stock breeders. The sales before the races commenced were confined to the handicap stake, the last race of the day. The prices brought we give in the report of the race.

The first race on the programme was for the Jockey Club purse of $400, open to horses of all ages, and was a single dash of three miles. There were only two entries, viz.: Mr. Wilkes' b. h. Panic, by imp. Glencoe, dam Sally Morgan, by imp. Emancipation aged, and Mr. P. McGrath's ch. c. Eagle, by Vandal, dam by imp. Sovereign, 3 years. Panic was at once installed as favorite, in consequence of his well known ability to stay the distance, while the partizans of Eagle, who remembered his running in the Jersey Derby at Patterson a short time before, when he gained the barren honor of third place, were numerous. His skilful trainer, Jacob Pinkus, had got him into the finest possible condition, and his appearance when saddled for the race elicited general admiration. Panic, who was trained by Captain T. G. Moore, also looked well, his coat shining like silk in the glancing rays of the sun. Sewell had the mount on him, while the clever nigger rider, Abe, was on Eagle. Before the horses were saddled $100 to $25 were offered on Panic, but the disposition to back Eagle, when seen, was so general, that the odds speedily became reduced to $100 to $50; one well known sporting gentleman (Mr. Coffey) betting $1,000 to $500 with Morrissey that Panic won.

THE RACE.—A capital start was had, the rider of Panic, having, evidently, orders to make the running, taking his horse to the front immediately. At the first turn he was a length ahead, and double that distance at the half mile pole. Passing the stand on the first mile (time 1:52), he still kept a lead of a length and a-half, evidently running well within himself. The second mile was run in exactly the same manner and relative position, in 3:44½. On the second quarter of the third mile Abe made a determined effort on Eagle to reach Panic, but Sewell rousing the old horse, he shook off his opponent with ease, and opened a gap of three lengths at the half mile pole. So evident was his superiority in speed and so hopeless the chance of Eagle closing up the lead, that $1,000 to $50 met with no takers. Turning into the homestretch he increased his lead at every stride, and galloped home an easy winner by six lengths in 5 min. 37¾ sec. Panic broke down so badly immediately after passing the score, that it was with difficulty he could be led off the track.

SUMMARY.

Centreville Course, L. I., New York Spring Meeting, Tuesday, June 28, 1863.

Jockey Club Purse, for all ages, $400. Dash of three miles.

Mr. Wilkes' b. h. Panic, by imp. Glencoe, dam Sally Morgan, aged, Sewell.....1
Mr. McGrath's ch. c. Eagle, by Vandal, dam by imp. Sovereign, 3 years, Abe.....2

	1st Mile.	2d Mile.	3d Mile.
Time	1:53	3:44½	5:37¾

The second race was for the Jockey Club Purse of $200, mile heats, for horses of all ages. The entries were Dr. Weldon's b. f. Charlotte F., by imp. Scythian; J. A. Morris' b. h. Reporter, by Lexington; and P. C. Bush's b. c. Ben Bruce, by Lexington; all of which started. Reporter was the favorite at $100 to $20 on him against the field. He was ridden by Gilpatrick, while Abe had the mount on Ben Bruce. Just before the start the betting underwent an alteration, Ben Bruce, in consequence of the clever jockey, Abe, being on him, improving greatly in the money market. The Scythian filly was almost ignored by the cognoscenti, as it was well known she was deficient in preparation, and any price could have readily been obtained about her.

First Heat.—Ben Bruce was first off, with Charlotte F. second, and the favorite last. Before they reached the turn, Reporter passing Charlotte F., took second place, and waited at Ben Bruce's quarters for the first half mile—the filly, even at this early stage, being completely overpaced and out of the race. Along the third quarter Abe made a resolute effort to shake off Reporter, but without success, and as they turned into the homestretch, Gilpatrick indulged his horse with the lead, and passing Ben Bruce as if he was standing, galloped home an easy winner by three lengths, in 1 min. 48 secs: Charlotte F. being distanced.

Second He t.—Ben Bruce was the first off, taking the pole from Reporter before they had reached the turn, and leading a length and a half to the quarter-pole. The same positions were kept until they turned into the homestretch, Gilpatrick, who rode with consummate judgement, waiting quietly behind. On the back stretch he went up to Ben Bruce, and finding he had him safe, he fell back again. Turning into the straight, Reporter challenged Bruce, and after the semblance of a race, quitted him, and came home an easy winner by three lengths. Time 1 min. 48¾ secs.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse, $200. Mile heats: for all ages.

1st—John A. Morris' b. h. Reporter, by Lexington, dam by Amer. Eclipse, 3 yrs.....1
2d—Mr. Bush's b. c. Ben Bruce, by Lexington, dam by Altorf, 4 yrs.....2
3d—Dr. Weldon's b. f. Charlotte F., by imp. Scythian, dam by imp. Ambassador, 3 yrs.....dist.

TIME.	Quarter.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First heat	0:27¾	0:53	1:48
Second heat	0:27½	0:55	1:48¾

THE THIRD RACE

was a handicap stake of a mile and a quarter, $10 entrance, and $100 added by the Club. There were three entries, all of which started: viz.: Mr. F. Morris' b. f., by imp. Eclipse, dam an Arab mare, 3 yrs., carrying 90 lbs; Mr. Bush's br. m. Seven Oaks, by Vandal, dam by Birmingham, 5 yrs., 112 lbs.; and Dr. Weldon's ch. f. by Revenue, dam Lu Victime, 3 yrs., 85 lbs. The pool sails varied in an extraordinary manner, for in the first one sold, Seven Oaks taken for first choice, brought $55; Mr. Morris' filly $5, and the Revenue filly $5. A sudden change then ensued, and Morris filly was made the favorite bringing $200, $220 and $130; Seven Oaks $125, $150 and $75; and the Revenue filly $40, $43 and $26 in the pool sales. The cause of this sudden reaction was in consequence of its becoming generally known that Seven Oaks was out of condition, only having had one gallop for a week previous; hence the rush to get on Mr. Morris' filly, who was known to be up to the mark. Just before the start the current betting was $100 to $60 on the favorite, and at these odds a great deal of money (greenbacks) was invested. At the start, Seven Oaks, who was ridden by Abe, jumped off with the lead, and made the running at a good pace. As they passed the stand, (the start taking place at the three quarter, it being a mile and a quarter dash) Seven Oaks was three lengths ahead of the Eclipse filly, and the latter ten lengths ahead of the Revenue filly, who was completely outpaced from the start. The first half mile was run in 51¾ secs. the positions of the two leading horses remaining unaltered. Seven Oaks kept widening the gap on the last half mile, and came home an easy winner by ten lengths, in 2 min. 18¾ secs.; the Eclipse filly being second, and the Revenue filly a bad third.

SAME DAY—Handicap Stake of a mile and a quarter, $10 each, and $100 added.

1st—Dr. Bush's br. m. Seven Oaks, by Vandal, dam by Birmingham, 5 yrs., 112 lbs.....1
2d—Mr. F. Morris' b. f. by imp. Eclipse, dam an Arab mare, 3 yrs., 90 lbs.....2
3d—Dr. Weldon's ch. f. Revenue, dam Lu Victime, 3 yrs. 85 lbs.....3

TIME.	Quarter.	Half Mile	Mile.	Race.
	0:24	0:51¾	1:50	2:18¾

SECOND DAY RACING.

The weather was equally as fine and favorable on the second day as on the first, and the attendance equally as large. It is, however, strange to witness the contrast in the number of visitors on the occasion of a great trot, and a race day. On the former they are numbered by thousands, and on the latter by hundreds only. And yet we think that there can be no comparison in the excitement and beauty of the spectacle afforded by a trotting match, however fast may be the horses engaged, and a running race where beautiful and high spirited thoroughbreds, brought by training to the highest point of perfection in condition, and all eager for the fray; with their riders in their various colored silk jackets and caps, contend together for the prizes offered for superiority of speed and endurance. In racing, there is rarely if ever any of those disreputable proceedings met with, which bring so much disgrace onto the trotting turf, and through which the race is not always to the swiftest, nor does the best horse always win. The owners of race horses are almost invariably gentlemen of large and independent fortunes, who keep them for their own amusement and pleasure, and the indulgence of their taste for the recreations of the turf, and not for pecuniary advantage or profit. It may be that the efforts of the New York Jockey Club may have the effect of implanting and cultivating a more general taste among the public for the sports of the turf, and that we shall again find it occupying the same high position in popular estimation and favor that it does in other localities and other countries, and once did in the Empire City itself. Probably the difficulty of access, and distance of the Long Island tracks may have great influence in causing the limited attendance at the race meetings which we now witness. A new race course is now being formed near Fordham in Westchester Co., which will be most convenient of access to this city and where we shall probably find the legitimate sports of the turf flourish in greater perfection than ever. Let us hope, therefore, the New York Jockey Club will not be discouraged by this their

Forrest's pieces during the engagement of that great tragedian. In December, 1833, he was engaged by Manager Grover, and alternated between Philadelphia and Washington—at the Chestnut, in the former city, and at Grover's Theatre in the latter place (doing the leading business in Washington), for three months. While at the Chestnut he appeared as Jem Dalton, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," and Jacob McCluskey, in the "Octoroon." In the former piece he created a very good impression, playing the character with much care, and with great truthfulness. The papers were clamorous in their praise of him. As McCluskey, he made it the feature of the piece, by the intense force and wild passion he infused into it. His make up for the different acts was most artistic, and his overpowering terror during his pursuit by Wahnote was given in a manner that would have done credit to the best tragedian in the country. He entered fullly into its spirit, and did not shrink from giving a perfect picture of the detestable villian. His performance ensured the success of the entire representation throughout. He was earnest, impressive and forcible, but never violent, though a ranting actor would have had wondrous opportunities in such a character. The best compliment as to the faithfulness of his portraiture was the fact that the audience sunk the actor and realized the original. They applauded the various foils introduced by the dramatist to thwart McCluskey, and so deep was the impression he conveyed by his acting, that one individual actually hissed him. Why? Simply that he had done justice to a very repulsive part. This is certainly one of the very highest compliments an actor can have bestowed on him. Original in itself, a villain, a murderer, unscrupulous, devoured by passion, a character often painted in the sensation dramas, but individualized by Mordaunt till it stood out from the canvas a fresh and grand creation. Mr. Mordaunt is yet a young man in the profession; but if he goes on improving as he has the past two years, he will ere long outrival two thirds of the so-called "stars." He is possessed of a fine figure, a good stage presence, is a good reader, has a capital voice, and, above all things, has a good study, enough good qualities to make a first class actor.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. R. H.—Your solution is quite correct.

E. H. C., Washington.—Your response to the diagrams was very gratifying; many thanks for the information.

H. A. B., Detroit.—You misapprehend the trouble; it was not that the move was unreadable, a positively wrong one was written. Well, never mind, if the rest are all right. Thanks for the new games; will draw upon them occasionally. The CLIPPER C. P. TOURNEY is 88 cts., including postage. One mailed.

HAMMOND VS. MACKENZIE.—These well-known players have just concluded a match (at Boston, we presume) which was won by the distinguished English amateur, as follows:—Drawn 1, Mr. H. 4, Mr. M. 9. A very conclusive victory.

RARE COINCIDENCE.—Mr. L. Paulsen recently played a "blindfold" game with Mr. Schneider, which, curiously enough, is the same, move for move, as a game played by Mr. P. in Dubuque, years ago. The Dubuque game was published in the *Bulletin*, and also in our sprightly contemporary, the N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Evening Bulletin.* [We gave, also, some three or four years ago, a little game between Messrs. Wheelwright and Frere, which was move for move identical with one of Cochrane's games.—ED.]

OUR PROBLEM.—Our Problem this week is one of those in which extreme elegance of solution reconciles us, measurably, to its awfully one-sided arrangement of force. Try it and see.

Game No. 436.

Recently contested between our contributor Jacob Elson and Mr. Littleton, at Memphis.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Littleton.	Defence, Elson.	Attack, Littleton.	Defence, Elson.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..P to K B 5	K Kt to K 4
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	19..B × K Kt	B P × B
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..Kt-K 6 (*a*)	K R-B 2
4..Q × Q 2d P	Q Kt-B 3	21..K-his R 2	K B-his 3
5..K B-Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	22..P-K Kt 4	P-K R 3
6..B × Q Kt	B × K B	23..K R-Kt sq	Q-her B sq
7..Q B-Kt 5	P-R B 3	24..P-K Kt 5	R P × P
8..B-K R 4	K B-K 2	25..Q-R 5 +	K-Kt sq
9..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-R 3	26..K R × P (*b*)	Q B-Q 2
10..Castles, K R	Q-her 2	27..K R-Kt 6	Q B × Kt
11..Q R-Q sq	Castles, K R	28..B P × B	Q × P (*c*)
12..Q-her B 4 +	K-his R sq	29..Q Kt-Q 5	Q R-Q sq
13..P-K R 3	Kt-K B 2	30..Q R-K Kt sq	Q R-Q 2 (*d*)
14..K Kt-Q 4	K Kt-K 4	31..K R-his 6	P-K Kt 4
15..Q-K 2	Q R-K sq	32..Q-Kt 6 +	K-his B sq
16..P-K B 4	K Kt-his 3	33..R-his 8 +, and the Defence resigned. (*e*)	
17..B-K Kt 3	K B-Q sq		

Notes, by our contributor.

(*a*) This move badly hampers the Defence.
(*b*) Well played!
(*c*) Possibly better to have taken the P with R.
(*d*) There is really no good move left on the board for the Defence. This move was made in the hope that the Attack would play to win the R, as follows:—

31..Kt × B +	K R × Kt	33..Q to K 8 + K to R 2
32..K R × R	Q × K R	34..Q × Q R, but the Defence

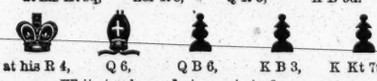
would probably draw by perpetual (ch).
(*e*) The whole of this game has been finally managed by Mr. Littleton, who is a pupil of Mr. Paulsen.

Enigma No. 436.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY HERR BLOK.

at his Kt sq, her R 8, Q R 3, K B 3d.



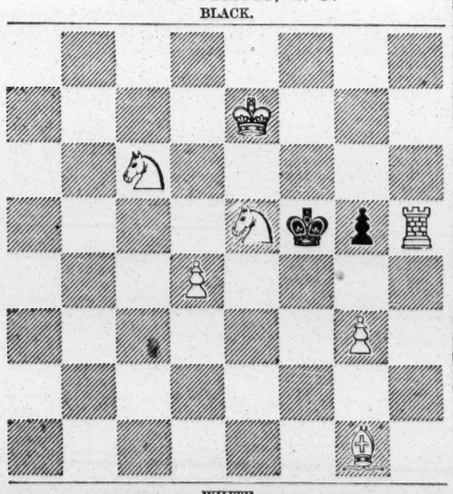
at his R 4, Q 6, Q B 6, K B 3, K Kt 7th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 436.

BY J. H. WESCOTT, M. D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

E. B. JACQUES, MALVERN, C. W.—Your Game goes in this week. A fine variation. Did you receive our letter we wrote you a few weeks since?

D. P., New York.—We would grade the gentleman you mention as a third-rate player.

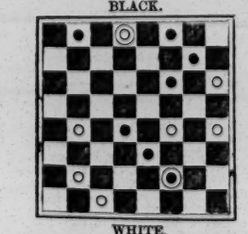
A. J. M., Sioux City, Iowa.—Thanks for Position. Certainly, they *will* do. Good Games will also be acceptable. Will inform you regarding Drummond's and Wylie's Treaties as soon as we can find out the facts.

R. DUNLOP, Oswego.—Anderson's work can be obtained in this city, price $1.35. Our "commission" is "nothing at all."

Position No. 13.--Vol. XII.

BY A. J. M.

BLACK.



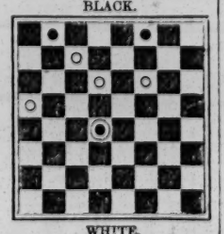
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and White to win.

Game No. 13--Vol. XII.

THIRTEENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..10 to 14(*a*)	22 to 18	12..14 to 23	27 to 18
2..11 16	24 19	13..20 27	32 23
3..8 11	25 22	14..8 11	29 25
4..4 8	30 25	15..11 15	18 11
5..6 10	18 15	16..7 16	25 22
6..11 18	22 6	17..16 20	31 27
7..1 10	26 22	18..3 7	22 18
8..9 13	22 17	19..7 11	18 15
9..13 22	25 9	20..11 18	23 7
10..5 14	28 24	21..2 11	Drawn.
11..16 20	23 18		

(*a*) No author treats of this opening.

Solution of Position No. 12, Vol. XII.

BY M. L. B.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..26 to 22	18 to 25	4..9 to 14	10 to 17
2..26 22	17 26	5..28 32,	
3..27 24	20 27		and wins.

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..7 to 10	8 to 3	6..25 to 29	18 to 22
2..10 14	3 7	7..20 24	26 22
3..14 17	7 10	8..29 25	24 26
4..17 22	10 14	9..24 28	31
5..22 25	14 18	White wins.	

Game No. 14--Vol. XII.

BY E. R. JACQUES, MALVERN, C. W.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	12..14 to 17	32 to 28
2..15 22	25 18	13..10 14	22 18
3..8 11	29 25	14..17 22(*a*) (1)	26 10
4..4 8	24 20	15..6 22(*b*)	31 27
5..10 15	25 22	16..3 7	19 15
6..12 16	21 17	17..11 18	20 11
7..8 12	17 13	18..7 16	23 14
8..7 10	27 24	19..16 19	14 10
9..9 14	18 9	20..12 16	27 24
10..5 14	24 19	21..19 23	24 19
11..15 24	28 19	22..2 6, drawn.	
	(1)		
15..	18 9	21..2 9	17 13
16..1 5	26 17	22..9 14	18 9
17..5 21	31 26	23..14 17	9 6
18..3 7	22 22	24..10 14	6 2
19..7 10	22 17	25..14 18	23 14
20..6 9	13 6	26..16 23, drawn.	

Notes by E. R. Jacques.

(*a*) A new move—not found in any of the books.
(*b*) Any other move would lose.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS
has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 43-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
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Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 1-3m*

THE CHAMPION! THE CHAMPION!!--Greatest Music Hall and Concert Saloon in the City! No. 654 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond streets. MISS KATE STANTON, Proprietor. The gorgeous decorations, architectural beauty, and capaciousness of this mammoth Music Hall are unsurpassed in the world. The most attractive and bewitching lady waiters are to be seen at the Champion. Superb Viands, fit for an emperor; grand orchestral music; an unsurpassed Shooting Gallery, under the superintendance of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free! 1-3m*

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OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

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NO. 108 EAST HOUSTON STREET,
EAST OF THE BOWERY.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, constantly on hand.
RICHARD HOLLYWOOD,
Proprietor.
N. B.—Private lessons given in SPARRING. 7-7t*

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
100 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
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PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
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THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this sporting hostelrie, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Public Sparring every Saturday evening.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing. 8-7t*

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

STENT'S NEW YORK HOTEL,
NO. 7 ROE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
Facing the entrance of St. John's Market.
The Proprietor respectfully informs his American friends that he has removed from the Talbot Hotel to the above named premises, where they will always find him on deck to give the tip on all Sporting Events, past, present and future. The New York CLIPPER, with all the American and English Sporting papers kept always on file. 8-3m* JAMES STENT.

THE CLUB HOUSE, 123 Prince street, next door to the corner of Wooster street.
"DUSTY" & JOS. GRAHAM.....Proprietors.
The above named take this method of informing their friends and the Sporting Community that they have become the hosts of "The Club House," 123 Prince street, where they may always be found to entertain visitors.
The bar is stocked with the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars. Call and see them. 10-4t*

CLIPPER SHADES,
NO. 11 STATE STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOE NAPOLEON wishes to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is now Proprietor of this Sporting Hostelrie, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing by
1-4t* JOHNNY HICKEY.

THE RUBY, 81 Mercer Street.
HANK MCCOTTER & PATSY EGAN, Proprietors.
The best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars the market affords, and a hearty welcome to all. 11-2t*

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

JACK MCDONALD AND HIS DETRACTORS.—By the last mail from Europe, we received a lengthy communication from Jack McDonald in answer to an article that appeared in a New York paper some weeks ago, based on some information said to have been furnished by Messrs. Barnash, Dooney Harris and Charley Lynch. We have not space to give the entire communication, but those parts of it which refer to the parties named, we have sifted out, so that Mr. McDonald may be heard in answer to certain charges said to have been made by them. It may be proper to remark that the article to which McDonald's letter is an answer, sought to convey the impression that McDonald was the cause of Heenan's defeat in his fight with King. As McDonald's innocence has been clearly established here, and as no charge was made against him in England, we omit much of Mac's letter. The communication is addressed to the editor of the paper in which the accusations of Barnash, Harris and Lynch appeared, but as that journal does not give him the privilege of replying through its colums, Mr. McDonald appeals to the CLIPPER:—

JOHN M'DONALD AND THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND KING.

To FRANK QUEEN, *New York Clipper*, Sir:—Deeply grateful am I to you for allowing me to reply to the base unmanly attacks upon me by one of your cotemporaries, and most humbly crave that you will once more favor me with this my last answer to its vile falsehoods. Deign to grant this request, and I will never trouble you more with a subject that must be as hateful to yourself, as it is to all your countrymen on this side of the Atlantic; I had intended to have treated his last attack with that contempt it only deserves, but at the urgent request of many Americans well known to you, and in deference to their urgent wishes, I reply. Respectfully,
Bow, London, June 6th, 1864. JOHN M'DONALD.

JOHN M'DONALD'S LAST REPLY TO THE SLANDERERS.

SIR:—We can in a measure protect ourselves against thieves, or against the fellow who comes boldly in front of us to attack; in the former case, society and the law will come to our rescue; in the latter, we can have a manly struggle as long as we are able to defend ourselves. With the liar, the malicious slanderer, and cowardly assassin, no man, however good or brave he may be, can withstand, except by one weapon, and that is simple but unerring truth; the latter alternative I intend to avail myself of. You have, fortunately for me, mentioned the names of three men who are now in America, and I will in a few words expose the vile falsehoods you have manufactured through them to traduce me. Firstly, as to Barnash, who, I think, has been trying to make you believe that he could ever fight; I do not wish to hurt his feelings by telling him what his backer said of him when he heard of his going to America to fight any one; as to my offer to make a match for him, it is utterly false; and if I ever offered to do so, it would be for me to back a regular outsider *against him*; nor did I ever train him; Harry Adams trained with him, and Mr. Reuben Watts told me only yesterday in the presence of Jerry Noon, that Barnash was never better, and ought to have won; and could have won, had he possessed a heart as big as a pigeon's; and as for his challenging for three years, why, it was not for three days. But I can only pity the poor fellow, and ascribe it to the malady he labors under. As for Looney Harris, I cannot bring my mind to believe that he could have said anything to you about Jones of Portsmouth in his fight with Mike Madden, and am certain that you have only made use of his name because he happens to be in America; you take advantage of his unfortunate position never being able to return to his native land; the very friends in England who generously and liberally aided him to escape the penalty his companion in the trouble he was in, is now undergoing, have told me he is above such bad feelings, and on their part wish me, for his sake, to contradict it. As for Charley Lynch, another of your authorities, why he was not in England at the time; if he has told you what you say, he is utterly unworthy of belief; the man who could deceive a real benefactor as Joe Rowe was to him, I can afford to despise. Bad as Lynch is, I cannot think he has sunk so low and become so bad-minded as yourself; but you only use his name to aid your wicked designs. I never trained Jack Jones, nor did I second him in his fight with Mike Madden; if you want truth—but that is foreign to your nature—you can easily inquire; Jerry Noon and Sweepy King seconded Jack Jones, and I did not have a bet on either side. Why, you must be an idiot to utter such lies, lies which can be so easily refuted. You say I picked up Tom Griffiths at the age of 23, trained him, seconded him, and poisoned him; why, this is even worse and worse. I never trained Tom Griffiths, I never seconded him, nor did I ever have anything to do with him. I missed the train; the fight was half over before I got down; and even in the betting you are wrong, no doubt wilfully wrong, for it was 2 to 1 on Paddy Gill. Griffiths was seconded by David McIntyre and Savage of Liverpool, two of his own townsmen; this can be proved. When I was in America all was cleared up about Aaron Jones. I never seconded Sayers against Aaron Jones, nor Jones against Sayers; this you can easily ascertain and so can anyone else. You say Tom Sayers told Morrissey that he would not trust to have me on his side against Heenan. Tom Sayers has desired me to contradict so false a statement; he emphatically denies that he ever told Morrissey any such thing, nor does he believe that Morrissey has told you so. Let any American ask Tom Sayers, or let any one ask Morrissey himself. I was actually engaged by Sayers himself and his principal backer to act for Sayers against Heenan in October, as soon as the match was made; in consequence of letters I received from Aaron Jones, instead of having Sayers with 2 to 1, I stuck to J. C. Heenan, and was as true and faithful to him in the last fight as I was in the first. I most emphatically deny that I ever told Morrissey that Heenan had behaved ill to me. This is downright villainy on your part, which Heenan was the first to point out to me. As to taking him out of the ring, it is sheer ignorance; every reasonable man knows that that alone would decide the fight against him. And now I have done with you. It has been a most hateful task to me to refute your falsehoods, though the task is a very easy one; nor should I have done so only at the great urging of friends, many of them your own countrymen, who cry shame upon you. Use your venomed tongue as much as you like, from me it will never again have a response. American friends of mine will see through your base purpose. JOHN MCDONALD.

AN AMERICAN INDIAN BEATEN BY A WELSHMAN IN A TWENTY MILE RACE.—The former pedestrian, now in England under the *nom de plume* of Steoprock, and Bill Richards, the Welchman, ran a twenty mile race on June 18th, of which we find the following account in the *Sporting Life* of the 15th:—"If the new Indian who appeared at Hackney Wick on Monday last had had the good luck of Deerfoot, and been the first redskin to appear in this country, he would have been thought a far better man than "Louis Bennett," for his performance on Monday was excellent. "I will run," said Steoprock (if he be Steoprock), "if I choose my own distance," and this was uttered in good sterling English. Bill Price opened his eyes wider (they are seldom shut) when twenty miles was the response, and the thoughtful M. C. asked "Who's to do it?" Bill Richards went into training, and worked and labored hard to get well, and well he did get too. Where Steoprock trained, or how he trained, is not known, nor is it necessary to inquire. He stands 5ft. 10½in., and gave his age as thirty-nine. Richards, who is about twelve years the "stranger's" junior, is a fine, stalwart young man. The distance they had to run was twenty miles, the stake £50, and there were fully 2,000 spectators to witness the match. Steoprock came on the ground in all the trippery of tinkling bells and other savage ornaments, *a la* Deerfoot, but which had been better eschewed. The Indian ran in good style; he took the lead by a couple of yards, and finished a mile in 5 min. 8 sec.—not bad for a twenty miles' journey. We have appended the time below, so our readers will be well aware of the nature of the contest. The ten miles were performed in 57 min. 10 sec., eleven miles in 1 hour 2 min. 45 sec., and fifteen miles in 1 hour 26 min. 40 sec. In the tenth mile, the Indian was nearly 80 yards ahead, and Jesse Smith disregarded the urgent appeals of the Indian that his foot was injured. "Go on," he responded, "you've got him licked," and go it appeared. "Cut off my shoe," said Steoprock. "Go on," said Jesse Smith, but the pain was so great, that at the 108th lap, or fifteen miles and a half, the Indian pulled up. The right foot presented a painful sight; his shoe had worked round in turning the corners; the "pad parted on the waste,) had to be dragged out of the raw and bleeding flesh, and Bill Richards was hailed the winner. Steoprock, so far, is no impostor, his age being considered. The following is the time up to fifteen miles:—

Miles.	*H. M. S.*	*Miles.*	*H. M. S.*
1	0 5 8	9	0 51 0
2	0 10 40	10	0 57 10
3	0 16 10	11	1 2 45
4	0 21 45	12	1 8 43
5	0 27 40	13	1 14 46
6	0 33 35	14	1 20 48
7	0 39 45	15	1 26 40
8	0 45 25		

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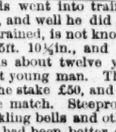

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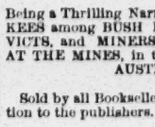

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City Summary.

SATURDAY, July 2d, 1864.

THE ANNIVERSARY of our National Independence being one of the few holidays which all New Yorkers desire to keep, we anticipate our regular day of publication, and go to press a day or two earlier than usual, so that all persons engaged on the CLIPPER may have an opportunity to fire off shooting crackers, drink soda water, eat cherry pies, and otherwise assist in doing justice to 'the day we celebrate." Whether we shall have cause to be more enthusiastic than heretofore in our demonstration depends upon the operations of our great armies under Grant and Sherman. On the 4th of July, 1863, Gen. Grant entered, re-possessed, and occupied the rebel stronghold on the Mississippi—Vicksburg. Should he repeat his great triumph by capturing Richmond, or defeating Lee's army, on the coming 4th, our exultation will be of the high-pressure order, and gun-powder will be in great demand. Let us hope that success may attend the operations of our soldiers, and that the first glimpses of peace may be seen ere the sun sets on the evening of the approaching anniversary.....A week or two since we made mention of some of the theatrical and other celebrities we met during a stroll on Broadway. Another leisurely walk along the great "Boulevard" has added to our experience, and we jot down a few more notes concerning some of the *habitues* of the street. It may be proper to remark that what little history we give of our friends is of a reliable character, not such as our dailies get from "reliable contrabands" and other "intelligent gentlemen," but of a *bona fide* character, extracted from our private portfolio. Let us begin our walk, and take cognizance of who and what we see. One of the first who darkens our path is a young comedian—whether high or low, Irish, Yankee, Dutch, or light, it matters not to *you*, dear; be content to know that he is a comedian, that he dresses with extreme nicety, in the height of the mode, and that he takes his nip at the Metropolitan, at Parmelee's, and perhaps at one or two other well-screened places of public and private resort. It is said that the "flesh pots of Egypt" are not out of the pale of his admiration, and to this end a good story is told of him. Once upon a time, while playing in the "Hub of the Universe," he became enamoured of a very pretty little actress then revolving around the said Hub. So successful were the advances made by our young friend that he soon saw his way clear, and passed each night in the well-rounded arms of the little lady; but after possessing and holding his miniature beauty for quite a long siege, the actress struck him for a cool thousand dollars; should he refuse to come down with the price of his "perfidious conduct," she threatened to blow the gaff to the comedian's wife. Now it so happens that the wife of his bosom is also the boss of the concern. Here then was a dilemma. Our young friend loves his money with an idolatry bordering on the miserly, yet he fears his wife the more; so of the two evils he chose what he considered the least, and paid the accommodating actress the sum demanded for her "invaluable services" for the season for which she had been engaged. It was gall and wormwood to him, however, and we believe he has since taken his leave of this frail but fair and priceless jewell. People *do* say that this isn't the first of his escapades in that line of business, but the people are not always to be relied upon; so let us pass on, and "no farther seek *his* errors to disclose." In the endless throng, we constantly find fresh subjects for study and reflection. This highly colored and extremely well-dressed lady coming towards us, was once a *ballet*-girl who lived in great style in the "City of Magnificent Distances." She danced in the *ballet* at a popular place of amusement in that city, and report alleges that she was in the keeping of one of the managers there, during the absence of his "own wedded wife" in a neighboring city. A few years ago she was married to a "walking gentleman," but the offspring of the union savored more of the manager than of the man, but such things *will* occasionally happen in the *best* of families. It is even said that the latter was "well up" in the knowledge that the wife and manager loved not wisely but too much, and that he profited by the "unholy alliance." Shakespeare says that "maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives." Something caused a general row among the happy trio, and the husband was cleared out. The scene changes, and by force of circumstances the three are (or were) in this city, where the lady has been playing an inferior part in a Tammy play at one of our Broadway theatres, the manager is here on biz., and the husband can be seen as a "walking gentleman" on Broadway any day, helping to spend the earnings of his wife. Trip along, thou dancing beauty, and ply your art to captivate some other fresh and liberal swain. This sleek looking, fair-complexioned gentleman just passing is attached to one of our leading theatres; he varies his business on the stage between the juvenile and the heavy. He, too, is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and the catalogue of vice credits him with many secret interviews with lovely woman; *he* never found Jordan a hard road to travel, at least not so rough as Dion Boucicault discovered it to be. As an actor, he might become a general favorite did he but put his shoulders to the wheel. He was once the husband of a western actress, but events of a private nature culminated in their divorce, and each now goes it alone. Rumor, with her scandal tongue, asserted that *he* was once on very close terms of intimacy with the wife of one of our city managers, and things were quite warm, and "household words" unusually lively in consequence; but we would just as willingly believe *that*, as credit the statement that he was once a pillar of the church. Day day, bully boy. Notice this venerable-looking gentleman just crossing Bleecker. How deceptive are appearances! The object of our scrutiny looks, to the eye of the casual observer, like a "mild-mannered man," and of an inoffensive and innocent construction; but the great poet says that "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain." This calm-looking individual is not what he seems to be, and though the strains of his instrument fill us with admiration and delight as we sit out the show at one of our amusement halls, yet those are strains of a sadder nature that reach us from one of our charitable institutions, and make us turn with loathing from the cause. We have heard it said that this man once married the niece of one of our music hall managers, but soon after deserted her, taking everything with him. Friendless, she sought shelter on Blackwell's Island, where she gave birth to a child. The little one, perhaps for the want of proper care and attention, died; and, if we are correctly informed, the wife soon followed her infant to the pauper's grave, to be awakened at the last day by the "trumpet" that shall marshal the millions of the human family before that high tribunal, where the just and the unjust, the wrongdoer and his victim, will meet for justice and judgment. But who have we here? What lady is this who holds her head so high, and scarcely condescends to observe the passer by? She is a Broadway actress, noted for dressing most superbly on the stage, but not at all times in accordance with the requirements of the character assumed. Her credit is most excellent with her banker, who honors every draft upon his resources at sight. If we remember aright, a few years ago she was mixed up in a shooting affair which took place in one of the small cities in the western country. She was at that time the object of love of a then rising young tragedian, but finding him one day engaged in a free and easy *tete a tete* with a fiery, untamed steed" actress, she out with a revolver, and fired, but with the exception of a slight injury to one of his hands, the tragedian escaped unharmed, and is now nightly offering his "kingdom for a horse" at the various theatres where he is fulfilling engagements. She is already out of sight in the big crowd, and other forms appear in view. Here is an attenuated gentleman who might pass for Abe Lincoln on a dark night. Our long friend belongs to the minstrel persuasion, and as a kickist he stands alone; it is authoritatively stated that he can kick higher than Abe Lincoln or any other man living. Notwithstanding that kicking is his natural *forte*, he some time since acquired a taste for a gay young widow who was performing at a music hall on Broadway. He fell his full length in love with her; she reciprocated the tender passion; he proposed; she accepted; and the couple engaged to see the chaplain. But cruel was the minstrel that fell in love with her, and cruel was the broken pledge the widow did endure; he broke his promise with the fair daughter of Eve, was not up to time, and when he *did* appear, the widow broke *her* promise, and shook the wooer forever and aye. It is said the match is off. You see that head towering above the sidewalk procession? That's *his*. Would you see more? Come with us, invaluable reader, and we'll show you stacks of people that we talk about. Of Falstaffian proportions, and "belly with good capon lined," who comes upon us here? By our halidome, it is a heavy man from the "Pacific slope." Now, by St. Marks, isn't he a stunner? He weighs three hundred pounds or more, or ne'er weighs he an ounce. He *seems* to walk erect, but there's a slight impediment in his speech, and, if our eye-glasses deceive us not, in his legs as well. The prejudiced, base mind would ascribe this to the "heat of the sun," to a change of climate, to *all* causes, in fact, except the right one. Perfidious reader—it is the gout, *that's* what's the matter, if mortal man ever spake the truth before. Our stalwart friend is a good liver, feeds well, plays a nice little game, and abhors too much water. Ye gentle Bingston, who twists the Greek Lexicon with such unblushing effrontery, says of the worthy Falstaff that he met him oft in Australia and California, and that he is a good boy. He returns to us after an absence of several years, and intends to commence a starring or starving tour, we don't remember which. Success to him, whatever it is. How like the Queen of Night she moves, how stately, how serene! Would you know the lady? Would'st thou first thy amorous gaze up in that resplendent form? Thou would'st? Then list to the lute-like whisperings of the subscriber. She who is sweeping past us with all sail set, and whose movements are watched by the curious throng, is a Queen! [Sensation.] A Queen of Night, like you pale moon, who, in the words of Mister Norval, Junior, "has not yet filled her horns." She is a bare-back lady [start not, immaculate boy-friend, whose "fiery, untamed steed" has oftimes borne her in [illegible] the best of the flock, and rubbed her off against the [illegible] boys. Bewildered reader, she's a Queen of the Mazeppa tribe, of whom you oft have heard. In look and in action she is as dignified as the "noblest Roman of them all." Yet she is gay withal, understands something of human nature, and accepts the world as she finds it. Observe that accomplished amateur-ish gentleman who looks so scornfully upon her. Dost see him? Dost take in the picture at a glance? Keep him in thy mind's eye, then, most obdurate patron, for a tale of him we have to tell, a mystery to unveil. List, attend, then. When our female friend was delighting thousands of ye innocent people on ye eastern slope of ye unhappy metropolis, ye man of scornful look and withering brow did behold ye girlish Mazep., her horse, and tights, and a' that, and being but a man for a' that, he was smitten to the core. Oh! love, love, thou cheat of human bliss, into what vortexes and maelstroms of destruction dost thou inveigle the most chaste among us all? [Laughter and applause.] Ye scornful man much times at her did look, and in his breast much love she did evoke. Like ye wife of ye intelligent contraband, Mr. Othello—of whom Mr. Shakspeare has discoursed so fully—he loved her, among other things, for the danger she had passed on her fleeting steed [how are you, fleeting steed?], but more especially for her charms of face and of form, which were so freely exposed to his libidinous gaze. Much presents on to her he did bestow, and in blissful repose did she linger in his dreams. He would even have gathered her under his wings, but she would not, and when she had permitted him to reach the end of his tether, and played with him as ye fisherman plays with ye speckled trout fish, she gave him an unfriendly shake, and dropped him as ye witless urchin erst did drop ye famous over-heated potatoe. This shaking up so preyed upon his mind that he swore vengeance against all bare-back Mazeppas and against all women in tights, be they the most lovely that ere the sun shone on. We have heard it said that when he found that he was shaken, he jumped around like a rebel taken, made out a bill for the things he gave her, and swore by the law he would enslave her. Whether the bill has ever been honored, we cannot say; but some jolly people do allege that she offset his account by presenting a bill charging him one dollar for each kiss he took from her. It is a sad story. The vulgar multitude assert that were it not for his family he would turn magician, put on white gloves, scent himself up with Lubin's extracts, and play against the maid wherever she appears. Others, more wicked, go so far as to say that his repulse so unnerved him that he attempted to end his days in the Hudson, but fetched up on its banks, and thus escaped a watery grave. Farewell, Mazep., *adios*, Senor of ye scornful look. What changes are wrought in all mankind by the lapse of a few brief years! It seems but the other day that the gentleman who just raised his hat to us was one of the most gay and fascinating walking gentlemen that ever trod the mimic boards; he was then the observed of all observers among the fair sex, the admiration of them all. But now what a change! He looks more like a broken-down tombs lawyer than a Broadway actor; still, he manages to keep a stiff upper lip, as the saying goes, and still occupies a prominent position at one our city theatres. He is a good fellow, perhaps too good a fellow for his *own* good, and were his visits to certain drinking resorts on Broadway less frequent, he might hold out for a long time to come. As we have said, he was a ladies' man of the first water. Ladies, perhaps, have helped materially to turn him on the downward course. Once, he possessed a brilliant woman for his wife, but family jars resulted in a general break up, the lady obtained a divorce, and almost immediately thereafter married an English gentleman who was then on a visit here, and at once set off for London; she is still handsome, but growing (what shall we call it?) corpulent and a trifle coarse. Our "walking gentleman" had too many favorites to mourn the loss of one; so he afterwards took up with another gay and flashing actress. For a while, all was flowers and sunshine; then a storm arose; a "gentle row" followed, and the two don't fraternise any more. *He* is reported to be "laying off" at present with a fair one of Fifth Avenue, the daughter of a man of means, but the old 'un don't know anything about it. ["That's *enough* of that stuff" was the abrupt ejaculation which greeted our ears as we closed the last sentence. It was the churlish reminder of "our Jim," given in his own innocent and peculiar style, suiting the word by the violent action of his infantile hand, which swept the board of inkstand, paper, and everything else it contained. Some time we will resume our walk, and give you some more of "that stuff," as little Jimmy irreverently terms our pen and ink sketches. It must not be supposed that because we have not enumerated any of them, our professional friends do not possess any virtues. No, no; their virtues far outnumber their vices, and we merely keep in reserve the estimable qualities of the great majority of the profession, so that the latter part of the report may serve to season the whole with charity, and love, and benevolence, and show to the world that in good and kind actions the theatrical and show profession is not surpassed by any other class of people. Another day, beloved readers, we will take you along with us in our Broadway perambulations, and point out to you many of the profession who are ministering angels to the poor and needy, good Samaritans to the afflicted, and whose presence is always a source of happiness to the anguished heart. For the present let this suffice.

WHEN CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS first came to this country on a voyage of discovery, and landed his emigrants at Castle Garden, on the Battery, John Brougham says that the New York Aldermen went in a body to meet him, and tender the hospitalities of the city to the gentlemen who first discovered us. Thus far, all is clear enough; history, as written by Mr. Brougham, shows plainly that the Aldermen and the explorers met on friendly terms, that they spliced the main brace on board Captain Columbus's famous ram, and that thereupon the whole party, discoverers and discovered, met on shore to make further explorations; but after that John leaves us in the dark. We shall attempt to fill the void. After leaving the Battery, the boys were taken to the Five Points, where a famous lunch was set out by Pete Williams, one of the pioneers of that region. After enjoying a view of the Brewery, Murderer's Alley, Cow Bay, and Mr. Williams' dancing academy, at which place the gentlemen had the pleasure of a shake up with the devotees of Terpsichore who frequented that festive hall, the party were taken to the Tombs, and a "rebel sympathiser," who was in confinement for speaking disrespectfully of Abraham Lincoln, was brought out in the yard and executed expressly for the amusement of the strangers; this little incident got through with quietly, our friends were conveyed in iron clad vessels to Hoboken, where our Base Ball and Cricket Clubs were innocently gambling on the green; after trying a game of Seven Up and Euchre, Kit and his crew being stuck for the lager, the boys returned to the city, "well pleased with their aquatic excursion." In the evening, our informant tells us, the Aldermen and their guests *went to Niblo's Garden* to see Vestvali and "Bel Demonio." This fact establishes another fact, vizly, that Niblo's Garden existed at the time Columbus made his first visit here, and is, therefore, the oldest established place of amusement in this city. The gentlemanly Alderman who gives us this information, farther informs us that Manager Wheatley and Captain Columbus spent a very pleasant evening together, and that at the end of the performance all hands started on a bender through the city, stopping at all places of note on Broadway, and fetching up next morning at Mark Maguire's, at Macomb's Dam, where Mark prepared a bountiful breakfast for the boys. No wonder, then, that Niblo's is such a favorite place of resort, and that Mr. Wheatley is such a popular manager.....We see by the bills of the day that Vestvali closes her long and successful engagement this evening, July 2.

BENEFITS, to be of any service, ought to be of gigantic proportions. Many performers look forward to their benefit nights with high hopes and anticipations; their regular salary is used up by current expenses, so the proceeds of the coming benefit are relied upon for contingencies; the money to be realised is to be appropriated for Doctor's bills, undertaker's bills, coal bills, carriage rides, whiskey bills, two weeks in the country, and we cannot tell what all. If bad weather, or any other unforseen cause, knocks the benefit, as is too frequently the case, what sad forbodings it creates; all the air-built castles are swept away; sorrow takes the place of mirth, and the actor and his family must pinch themselves until the next benefit comes around, when hope will again be buoyant within them. Dear friends, if you only knew what good your quarter or half dollar can do for the poor actor's benefit, you would not mind the weather, but purchase a ticket, whether or not. Mr. Geo. Boniface has been one of the lucky ones in the matter of benefits. We understand that his farewell benefit at the New Bowery on the 21st of June was attended by one of the largest audiences ever seen in that immense theatre. The receipts, we are told, amounted to about *eight hundred dollars!*

THE "OCTOROON," by Dion Bourcicault, was produced at the Broadway Theatre, Monday evening, June 27th, to a full house, the press being pretty well represented. Mr. F. S. Chanfrau appeared as Salem Scudder, Miss Jennie Parker (her first appearance), as Zoe, the Octoroon; James Seymour as Pete, Marie Boniface as Paul, Otis as McCluskey, and Mrs. Sloan as Dora Sunnyside. Mr. Chanfrau's make up for the Yankee was very clever, and his acting throughout was quite natural, and he did not once overstep the mark in his delineation of a real cute "Yank." We have seen Miss Parker to better advantage, but perhaps the first night of a new part, and the fact of a first appearance before a New York audience, were the causes. When she becomes better acquainted with the *role* and her audience, she will no doubt do herself justice. Mr. Post, as McCluskey, gave a very truthful representation of the cold blooded villain. His escape through the swamps and the woods when pursued by Wahnote, the Indian, was good, and his knife-to-knife fight with him was capital. Marie Boniface's Paul was a good performance, and she sang a song very cleverly. Mrs. Sloan looked and acted the part of Dora Sunnyside charmingly. Seymour's Pete was one of the best played parts in the piece. His make up was complete, particularly in the auction scene, and his acting, after he had been knocked down for only five hundred dollars, was very good. As a play, we like the "Octoroon," because in many points of view it is truthful and lifelike, and is as well prepared a dish of *blackness* as could be desired.

THE MUSICIANS and managers will probably come to some sort of understanding with each other before the commencement of another season. It has been gravely hinted that Max Maretzek and others would import a number of fresh musicians from Europe rather than pay the increase asked for by our own musicians. We don't believe they will be so foolish as to do any such thing when gold is at 2.50, and currency not taken for passage money. If foreigners are to be brought over, their passage to this country must be liquidated by those who engage them, which at present rates would count up hugely. The musicians have not increased their demands more than other professions, nor more than mechanics, if we have been correctly informed. The managers must have their orchestras filled, especially opera managers; some of the theatrical orchestras *might* be dispensed with, for all the playing they do; others, again, earn all they receive. It is folly to suppose that theatres can do away with music altogether, and the managers, well aware of this, met together on the evening of the 28th of June, at the house of Mr. Wallack, in 14th street, to consult upon the music question. After a lively talk among the gentlemen, and after divers propositions had been proposed, it was resolved "that the managers, being desirous to act in a liberal and generous spirit, are prepared to accede to the demands of the musicians for a renewed increase of salary to $14 a week for the theatres and $5.50 for every opera performance; on the distinct understanding that the musicians agree to abide by this, their present demand, for the season of 1864-65, and not again require any additional increase; and that the salary of leaders of the orchestra shall be a matter of private arrangement between managers and leaders." We have not learned what action, if any, has been taken upon this *ipse dixit* of the managers by the musicians, but it is probable that the latter may harmonise upon it, and thus prevent any "foreign intervention."

MR. WHEATLEY is to give the public a few more representations of his *artistic* delineation of the character of Lagardere, in the great play of "The Duke's Motto." The series of performances will commence at Niblo's on the 4th of July, and continue all the week.....Vostvali, who has successfully carried through the new drama of "Bel Demonio," completes her engagement July 2d. Without the valuable assistance of this lady in the cast, it is not probable that "Bel Demonio" would have held the stage as long as it has.....Lucille Western will follow Manager Wheatley.

ANNETTA GALETTI, we understand, is among those selected to amuse Maximilian in Mexico, and the lady may soon take her departure for that unsettled and revolutionary country. MAX. the first will scarcely know whether he stands on his head or heels when he sees this great terpsichorean artist dancing on the tips of her big toes, and leaping and flying almost through empty space. She's a good 'un, and if the opera people who go there only behave half as well as Galetti conducts herself, the new ruler won't have much trouble with them. Galetti has been dancing at Mrs. Wood's Olympic, but her engagement there is now at an end.

"ALADDIN and the Wonderful Lamp" go out to-night at the Olympic. The spectacle was brought out in superb style, and has had full as long a run as could have been anticipated for it at this season of the year. It will answer for a revival next season.....A season of English Opera begins at this house on the 4th of July, the principal members of the troupe being Mad. Comte Borchard, Mr. S. C. Campbell, and Mr. Wm. Castle, of whom favorable mention has frequently been made in connection with the production of English Opera in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, etc. As they occupy the Olympic during the holiday week, visitors to the city can have an opportunity to see the sights of New York, and hear some capital singing at the same time.

GO SEE the "Salamandrogymnasticoacron Entertainment," now in operation at the Hippotheatron, in 14th street. Some of our great show celebrities are engaged to give *ec at* to this novel holiday exhibition, among whom are Verreck, the flying gymnast and Zampillaerostationist; Buono Core, the Fire King, who will stand in the centre of a thousand jets of gas, all hissing their fiery tongues at him; the Farini brothers, one of whom, it will be recollected, walked across the Niagra river, on a rope, a few years ago, during the rope-walking excitement at the Falls. These, and other performers, will appear in a number of marvellous feats of strength, agility, endurance, etc. They are capable of making a good show, combining a number of interesting exhibitions in one. There will be three performances given on the 4th of July.

WALLACK'S THEATRE closed for the season on the 30th of June, after an almost uninterrupted succession of crowded houses from the opening of the season in the fall of '64, until within a few weeks since, when the warm spell set in. "Rosedale" has been the principal feature, the season winding up with this play, which was given on that night for the 125th time. A summer season will be attempted, beginning on the 5th of July with a play called "The Winning Suit," in a new suit, we believe.

MR. GEORGE WOOD, manager of the Broadway Theatre (late Wallack's), will bring his season to a close on the 4th of July. Although he has had strong and numerous attractions against him, although he took hold of a house which had been run down by some of those who had preceded him in its management, yet he has succeeded in working his way along until the regular time for finishing up the season. We do not believe he has made money, nor do we believe he expected to in his first acquaintance with our theatre-goers; but he has opened the way for better results next season, the experience of the past enabling him to do and undo things which have heretofore been undone and overdone. The "Octoroon" was his latest revival at the Broadway, with Miss Jennie Parker and Mr. F. Chanfrau in the principal *roles*.

HELLER, who has made his "Salle Diabolique" quite a place of resort for those fond of the marvellous and strange, will also terminate his performances on the 4th of July, when he will give two entertainments. Heller commenced under somewhat discouraging auspices, but soon came into favor by dint of hard work and giving attractive exhibitions of the magic art. Mr. Heller still retains the hall, we believe, and expects to resume his entertainments in September, when the leaves begin to fall, and the melancholy days are come. You can spend an hour or two very pleasantly with the magician on the 4th of July.

AND YET ANOTHER wind-up. The gay and festive hall at 444 Broadway will shut up for the summer on and after the 4th of July. The American has made heaps of money for its manager, and his company have very ably seconded his efforts to provide a satisfactory series of entertainments for the patrons of the house. A more varied show is nowhere given than at this house. Mr. Butler takes his troupe to Boston for a short time, playing them at the Museum in that city. They will return to New York sometime in August, until which time we shall hear from them through our pickets. Attend the wind-up at 444 on the 4th of July.

DOLLY DAVENPORT, on the occasion of his late benefit at the Winter Garden in this city, received an envelope with a $50 greenback and a box of gloves, under the cover of which was another $50.

MR. THOMAS BAKER, the popular musician and orchestra leader, has been re-engaged for the season of 1864-5 by Mrs. Wood, for the Olympic. Mr. Baker had tempting offers from two of our other leading theatres, but resolved to continue at his old "stamping ground," the Olympic, late Laura Keene's.

WHAT A THEATRICAL SEASON IS.—A case of great importance to the profession was decided in the Marine Court on the 27th of June by Judge McCarthy. Miss Jennie De Lacey sued Mrs. John Wood, of the Olympic, to recover one hundred and sixty-five dollars, for ten week's salary. Miss De Lacey was engaged by Mrs. John Wood as "walking lady" for the season, but before the season was over was discharged by the manageress. Mrs. Wood claimed that the season for which she engaged Miss De Lacey, viz., thirty weeks, ended March 22d. The Court heard the testimony on both sides, and then rendered a decision in favor of the plaintiff for the full amount, thus establishing the fact that a theatrical season consists of forty weeks. The same thing was decided in our Courts some time since when Mr. James Cannoll sued the late Wm. E. Burton. Mr. Burton engaged Mr. Cannoll for the fall and winter season, but after performing five weeks the theatre was suddenly closed and Cannoll discharged. The question that came before the Court then related to the signification of the term "fall and winter," as applied in theatrical engagements. A large number of witnesses testified that it was understood to embrace a period between the first of September and the middle of June. On the other hand, several actors and managers affirmed in substance, that the term was scarcely ever used, and when employed, was not recognized as covering the period of time indicated by the witnesses for the plaintiff. The Judge held that the weight of evidence was in favor of the position assumed by the plaintiff—that the term "fall and winter season," embraces a period of about forty weeks, beginning on or about the first of September, and Burton had to pay Cannoll his salary (twenty-five dollars per week) for the whole thirty-five weeks that he did not perform.

PETE FISHER, of Barnum's Museum, advertises for a "posish" as wench dancer and personator of female characters. See advertisement.

A THEATRE IS WANTED for the fall and winter season. Proprietors and lessees should make a note of the advertisement in another column.

AMATEUR BANJOISTS AND JIGGISTS who wish to perfect themselves in these arts, should apply at once for his lessons and purchase one of his ten dollar banjos of J. Bogan, whose address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

CAMPBELL'S NEW MINSTREL HALL, after many promises to open "on or about" such and such a date, and postponed from week to week, *was* opened on Monday evening, June 27th. We gave a full description of the building in our last. The attendance on the opening night was immense, if not immenser, the Hall being crowded in every part, and hundreds turned away unable to obtain even a sight of the stage. As we were among those who "didn't see it" on that occasion, we postponed our visit until the second night, when the house was not so crowded. The Hall presents a very fine appearance when lighted up, and for sight, acoustic qualities and comfort, will vie with any similar establishment in the country. The company engaged by Mr. Campbell is composed of some good artists. The instrumental music is not very good, but the vocal music makes up for the shortcomings of ye disciples of cat-gut and brass instruments. The first part of the programme was decidedly the best of the entertainment. The singing was good, the quartette being very fine, each artist's voice blending together in harmony, and creating melody most dulcet. The opening chorus from "Faust" was well executed. Mr. Ainsley Scott sang "Our good old friend" with much sweetness. He possesses a beautiful baritone voice, and always holds his audience spell bound; but although an excellent singer, he makes none of the best of middle men. W. S. Budworth and Ned Davis are on the end. Of the abilities of both of them we have previously spoken in the CLIPPER. Budworth sang "Tapioca" in the first part, and was *encored*. Mr. Leslie sang "No One to Love" very sentimentally. About one of the best things of the evening was the vocal duett of "Robin Ruff and Gaffer Green," by Leslie and Scott. It was exceedingly well done and was heartily applauded. Master Lewis executed a clog dance very cleverly. He does not execute many steps, but what he does are good. Taken altogether, the performance was a long one, and we hope that Campbell's Minstrels will become as popular on the East side of the town as Wood's and Bryant's Minstrels are on Broadway.

A GOOD STAGE MANAGER, one who is "well up in his part," is an indispensable personage in any well-conducted place of amusement. Such an one is Mons. La Thorne, as he has proved himself to be by his excellent stage management of "444" for several years, and other first-class music halls, and we deem it but his due to say that any manager fortunate enough to secure his services, will have in his employ a "steady, sober citizen," one who is always at his post, and one who knows his business. As we have frequently seen him when on duty, we know whereof we write, and can truthfully say that business "behind the scenes" at "444" was conducted with as much regularity, order and propriety, as at any of our theatres while it was under La Thorne's control; and that has been one of the principal causes of the success of that establishment, as the want of it has been disastrous to several others.

MRS. MARY GLADSTANE, who is now taking a respite from her professional duties at her residence in this city, is filling up the blanks in her list of engagements for the coming season. Managers wishing to secure the services of this pleasing actress and star, should address the lady through her business agent, Mr. C. T. Parsloe, as per instructions in advertisement in another column.

Dramatic.

OF THEATRICALS in Denver City, Col. Ter., a correspondent, writing from there, says: We have two theatres in Denver—the People's Theatre, used promiscuously for lectures, dramatic representations, concerts, and on Sundays for religious services. It is an elegant little theatre, capable of seating fully 500 people. The Denver Theatre, property of Langrishe and Dougherty, is a credit to Colorado. It is beautifully modelled, and capable of seating comfortably 800 people. Messrs. Langrishe and Dougherty are now playing at Central City, forty miles in the mountains. The Montana Theatre is very respectable in size, seats 600 people, and is filled nightly with successful miners, millmen, claim speculators, etc. Messrs. Langrishe and Dougherty will not go to Bannack this season, and perhaps not at all. They were on the point of starting, went to Central City to play one farewell week, and finding that a large number of claims in their possession were likely to "pan out" well, they concluded to postpone their exodus. The result was, that within two weeks they sold $8,000 worth of claims, which they would probably have disposed of six months ago for less than $800. They have many more left, hence Bannack is without a theatre. Sol Irwin and lady, who started for Bannack last winter, made a good thing in Salt Lake City under the especial patronage of Brigham Young, but on their departure from the City of the Saints, they turned their footsteps towards California, taking the splendid cities of Carson Valley in their route. There are no amusements in Denver now except the famous "Ghost" imported by George Pauncefort and Frank Bell from your city. At this writing they have given three exhibitions at the Denver Theatre, and have had average houses. The charming Florence Bell and Mr. Pauncefort are the only artistes in the country outside of Langrishe and Dougherty's troupe, consequently they are unable to fully satisfy the public, confining, as they are forced to do, their entertainments to short dialogues, each of which terminates in the exhibition of an angel, a demon, or a ghost. The "Progressive" Concert Hall was short-lived. It is now converted into lawyers' and doctors' offices. We expect a visit from the Langrishe and Dougherty troupe soon. This is all the theatrical news of any importance. I had nearly forgotten to state that the celebrated Wm. Baker, contortionist, (said to be the best in his line in the world,) sylept "The Red Man of Agar," is here, has played successful engagements here and in the mountains, and is about to leave either for Salt Lake or New Mexico.

MISS LOTTA, the "California Pet," made her *debut* before a Philadelphia audience on the evening of June 27th, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. She played a solo on the banjo very cleverly, sang a banjo song, and afterwards danced "Mrs. McGowan's Reel," in the most laughter-provoking style, introducing some novel steps and positions that knock Dan Bryant's "Essence" all to smithereens; she was *encored*, and in place of the reel gave a specimen of her abilities on the "clogpedality" platform, with a genuine Nigger Minstrel finish. She also appeared as Jenny Leatherlungs, in the bagatelle of "Jenny Lind," giving imitations of operatic celebrities, old singing snatches from various operatic gems, several of which were *encored*. She hit the menfolk *very* hard; but as the Philadelphia ladies are somewhat fastidious in their tastes, she did not come into favor so quickly with them; they will have to be educated up, (or down) to Lotta's standard of funny business. The Pet "reeled" through the week, the applause increasing each night that she performed. Lotta is a cunning little body, all life and vivacity, saying and doing things in such a new and ludicrous manner that one cannot help being pleased with her; she is not handsome, but is good-looking, and has as pretty a little mouth as you would wish to see, or communicate with. Appearing at the end of a season, she achieved a marked success.

GEO. C. BONIFACE and Miss Kate Newton have closed their connection with the New Bowery, and will commence a starring campaign together, opening at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on the 11th inst.

MR. CHARLES POPE is expected to reach here on or about the 18th inst., on his return from California. Charles T. Parsloe is his agent in New York.

THE LOVELY MAZEPPAS will very likely be among the principal star attractions next season. Ever since Adah Isaacs Menken started the bareback, untamed business on her "fiery steed," that species of attraction has been on the increase. It is possible that a fresh sensation may be added to the *repertoire* of the Mazeppa ladies for the next campaign, as a new play called "Lady Godiva" has recently been written, copies of which are offered for sale by Mad. Macarte in our advertising department. If "Lady Godiva" is at all like the original, it will prove an immense go. Adah Isaacs Menken will probably soon astonish the British by her Mazeppa show, while her handsome face and beautiful form will excite the admiration of the men and the envy of the ladies in the great country over which good Queen Vic. reigns with such popularity. The lovely Menken will no doubt be the cause of many duels among her admirers in the metropolis. Boucicault, it is said, has the management of the Menken and her terrible steed, and will trot them both out at the proper time. We hear, also, that Kate Vance thinks of visiting England in the fall. While Adah and Kate are catering and capering for the amusement of John Bull, Leo Hudson, Kate Fisher, Oceana and Addie Anderson will sustain the Mazeppa business for the edification and gratification of Brother Jonathan. In addition to the Mazeppa drama, those ladies have a large number of other equestrian pieces in which to display themselves. Managers, we hear, are already making up their schedule for next season.

MARIETTA RAVEL, dance and tight rope artist, will start on her next starring campaign toward the latter part of August. In the interim, Marietta will revel among ye clover and other rural luxuries, in order to rejuvenate her wasted energies.

KATE VANCE will seek rest and repose, after the 4th, at the beautiful villa of Mr. Deagle, at St. Louis. Her steed, the famous Don Juan, will also enjoy his *otium cug dig*. They have both been kept on the move for several months past, and need a little recreation while the heated term continues.

WE SHALL NOT be surprised if a large number of European performers should visit the States next season. They know that the war has not interfered with our amusements, and they will be anxious to secure some of the currency which has been so freely scattered among the show people for the past two seasons, and which, it is hoped, will be continued in the coming campaign. All right, the more the merrier. Uncle Sam is still rich enough to give 'em all a farm.

THE LATE WARM SPELL knocked business all over the country. Traveling companies got a lively warming up, and many of them had to take in all sail. They would sooner stand the heat any day, however, than cool audiences. There will be lively times on the tramp when the fall sets in.

MISS CECILE RUSH performed an engagement during the past week at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing on Monday, June 27th. A new drama, entitled "Ida Lee," was produced on the occasion. We attended on the 28th, to see the star, and judge of the merits of the new play. Miss Rush is a very pleasing actress; possesses a clear, full, and melodious voice; was well up in her part; and performed the *role* assigned her in the drama with a great deal more naturalness than one half the ladies now starring throughout the country. Miss Rush most favorably impressed the audience, who testified their appreciation of her efforts by frequent applause. The play of "Ida Lee" is well worked up, the language smooth and comprehensible, and the incidents variable and interesting from beginning to end. The author says of it: "Readers of the standard novels of the day will readily recognize in this play many of the leading incidents of Currer Bell's Jane Eyre. If, however, they anticipate a faithful dramatization of that charming romance, they will be disappointed, as the dramatist has deemed it advisable to make some important changes, by which he believes he has lightened the dramatic effect without lessening the interest of the story." And so he has; he has retained many of the most important features, and dispensed with all that makes the novel tedious. He has made a very pretty little play out of the chief incidents of one of the most popular novels written within the past few years. "Ida Lee" and Cecile Rush kept the boards all the week.

FOR THE FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Manager Kunkel advertises in this issue for applications from stars for the forthcoming season; also a good scenic artist. Prompt attention to the above is desirable.

S. W. ASHLEY, low comedian and vocalist, wishes an engagement for a short summer season, after the 4th inst. See the gentleman's address in an advertisement in another column.

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER SEASONS, an opportunity is offered to ladies and gentlemen of talent for an engagement in a travelling dramatic company in an advertisement in this issue.

THE LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Theatre is in full operation, under the management of Marshall, Templeton & Co. A correspondent writing from thence, June 16th, says:—"There is now on the "boards" in this city, a higher order of talent than ever before since our residence here, and parts of some of the plays have been rendered exceedingly well. In Mrs. Graham's representation in the beautiful play of "Camille," we were surprised and delighted beyond our highest expectations. Such playing would do credit to an actress upon any stage. There was a touch of nature throughout rarely found upon the stage, the points of interest were touching and pathetic, and were brought out in such a manner of melancholy sweetness as addressed itself irresistibly to the fine and nobler feelings of all present; and the hushed and silent attention of *that* audience spoke a higher meed of praise than could the applause brought out by the usual ranting or course jokes of the stage ever indicate. Considering the extreme difficulty and embarrassment under which good playing is here executed, we cannot commend too highly such exhibitions of good taste as we last witnessed in the character of "Camille." The hall, scenery, and support of the society, are fully calculated to encourage representations of the finer feelings of the human heart, and, in despite of all these hindrances, the actress holds her steady course, true to the promptings of genius and a correct taste." Mrs. Frank Graham took her benefit last night, and appeared as Leah the Forsaken, and executed a fancy dance.

THEATRICALS IN CALIFORNIA are not very brisk at present. Our correspondent "Eureka" writing from San Francisco, on June 2d, says: "Since my last there has been several theatrical excitements here, the first and most important being the opening of the new temple of the muses,

Maguire's Academy of Music, a description of which would be superfluous here, as you have already given your readers an idea of its beauty. It was opened on Wednesday, May 18th, by the dramatic company from the Opera House, with Brougham's comedy of "Playing with Fire," which was well played, the house, of course, crowded from pit to dome. They retained possession till the 30th, when the San Francisco Minstrels, for whom the house was erected, commenced and are now doing remarkably well; but in the opinion of nearly all, it is too large for a minstrel hall, while the stage

L. B. LENT advertises his route ahead as follows:—Peoria July 4th; Pekin 5th; Canton 6th; Lewiston 7th; Vermont 8th; Macomb 9th; Carthage 11th; Keokuk 12th; and Warsaw 13th.

LAKE & Co.'s CIRCUS is billed at Detroit for the 8th and 9th inst.

Negro Minstrelsy.

DUPREZ & GREENE'S Minstrels perform at Columbus, Ohio, on the 7th and 8th inst.

S. S. SANDFORD'S Minstrels opened at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, June 27th, and were well received. The troupe has been added to by some good people, and, it is said, the party give a good show.

A MINSTREL PERFORMANCE was given at the Union Theatre, Hilton Head, S. C., June 21st, by the "Star Minstrel Troupe." The following is a list of the performers: T. Hargins, E. S. Bechtel, F. Moran, G. Limebach, F. Lehnen, M. Williams, J. Tomkins, E. Mills, Wm. Christ, M. Holbach, C. Deihl and J. Hargrave.

FRANK FORREST'S Minstrels were at Poughkeepsie, June 27th and Rondout, 28th. June 30th and July 1st they were at Danbury, Conn., and were to be at Norwalk on the 2d.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE has lately been externally improved by the artists of the brush, and presents quite an attractive appearance. Last week, good houses were the result of the capital programme provided, which included choice vocalism by Parkerson, Herman, and Nevers; Purdy's "Jolly Nigger;" the double-clog medley, capitally danced by Messrs. Mudge and Hughes; the operatic burlesque of "Love and Duty," in which Messrs. Parkerson, Clark, Purdy, and Lewis distinguished themselves; a flute solo, well performed by Haslam; the amusing piece called "The Three Hunters," enacted by Purdy, Hughes, and Griffin; a dance by Master Dewey, who has become quite a favorite, and the laughable act called "The Student," in which Archy Hughes' unctious humor is so admirably displayed. What the Brooklynites would do without Hooley's Opera House to resort to when they have the blues, we know not, for it certainly well fills a vacuum that long existed; and as Manager Hooley exerts himself to the utmost to have a first-class programme well performed by a competent company, he cannot be too well patronized. Hooley's popularity with the people of Brooklyn is great, and he is reaping the reward of his efforts to please them.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS are still being favored with a prosperous career, the result of their pleasing performances being large returns of greenbacks. At Richmond, Ind., however, they were made the victims of the cupidity of the "city fathers," who had the presumption to charge no less than $31 50 for license. Feeling indignant, as might naturally be expected at such extortion, Manager Duprez gives an *expose* of the affair in a card in our advertising columns, as a warning to and for the benefit of the profession. On the 25th ult., they performed to a full house at Peru, and on the 29th commenced a season of five nights at Indianapolis. A very agreeable change has taken place in the weather out there, which adds materially to the spirits of the troupe, and tends to bring out larger audiences.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were received by a crowded house on their opening night in Cincinnati, June 27th.

MORRIS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS invade Troy, N. Y., on the 6th, and remain three days.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON-CLADS are at Chicago this week.

DUPREZ AND GREEN'S MINSTRELS open in Pittsburgh, for one week, on the 11th inst.

MANAGER HOOLEY wants a first class cornet player. See his advertisement.

Music Halls.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Washington, the new drama, "The Bushwhackers of the Potomac," has proved a decided success. June 30th, Mr. W. B. Cavenagh, the stage manager, took a benefit, and presented a bill of rare merit. Several performers not connected with the establishment volunteered. Dick Parker, the negro comedian, put in an appearance.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Harrisburg, Miss Mary Florence and Edward Rogers were added to the company June 27th.

Miscellaneous.

MR. JOHN DENIER, the tight rope artist, intends making a grand rope ascension at Hartford, Conn., on the Fourth. Parties wishing to secure Mr. Denier for ascensions, or to cross any river, can do so by addressing him as per advertisement elsewhere, or applying to his agents, Messrs. Conner & Co.

OSSIAN E. DODGE AND WILLIAM HAYWARD were at Yreka, Cal., May 24, Forks of Humbug (whew! what a name!) 25th, Hawkinsville 26th, and Cottonwood 27th, which wound up for the present their travels in California. May 28th they were at Gassburg, Oregon, and May 30th at Jacksonville, *en route* for Portland.

WILLIAM HAYWARD, the balladist, is making both fame and fortune in the golden land of California. The *Union*, published at Yreka, speaks of this young gentleman as follows:—"The songs of Mr. Hayward were rendered in that perfect expression of language which makes every word understood by his audience. We cannot better express our opinion of Hayward's singing, than by using the language of another, that we have not heard everybody sing, but Hayward has the sweetest voice, and is the best singer we have ever heard."

AT FRANKLIN MUSIC HALL, York, Pa., of which Thomas Horner is the proprietor and J. S. Berry stage manager, a lady vocalist and *danseuse* is wanted. For address, etc., see advertisement in another column.

KITTY O'NEIL opened Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, June 27th. Parties wishing the services of this popular Irish vocalist can secure her by addressing her as per advertisement elsewhere.

AT THE NEW IDEA, Baltimore, Mrs. Frank Drew made her appearance, June 27th, and was well received. She appeared throughout the week, together with Mary Walton, Laura LeClaire and Tilly Forbes.

AT THE NATIONAL, Cincinnati, Tim Hayes and the new minstrels are creating quite a sensation, and divide the honors of the evening with the rest of the company. Manager Sinn has got a good company, and we are glad to learn that his endeavors to please are rewarded by good houses.

M'MURTRY'S Indian Exhibition and Amphitheatre has been doing a good business in Pennsylvania. They were at Meadville June 23d, and the exhibition is highly spoken of. The company is composed of Dan Nagle, H. A. Kincaid, A. A. Miller, T. T. Miller, Master Willie and Madame Kincaid. On the 24th, the party were at New Castle.

Amateur.

HAWTHORNE'S DRAMATIC TROUPE give two performances at Baylis Hall, N. Y., on the 4th of July, the pieces selected for the occasion being the Comedietta of "The Morning Call," with Miss L. M. T. Hawthorne as Mrs. Ghillingtone, and the "Rough Diamond," in the afternoon, and "The Hunchback" in the evening. Miss Hawthorne appears as Julia and Margery in the two last named pieces. Messrs. James Ward, John Cooper, James Sutton, Robert Henry, Frank Currier, D'Estaigne, and J. J. Parrell; and the Misses Burnet, Benedict, and the St. Leon sisters.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

CANT and intolerance are rife enough all over the country, but to find theatrical bigotry flourishing with acrimonious strength in Liverpool, Eng., and to see the magistracy of that city dealing with a liberal question in the spirit of a conventicle, and looking on theatrical matters in the spirit of narrow-minded prejudice, is a fact in the daily history of life for which we confess ourselves not to have been prepared. Such, however, is the fact, and, on Mr. Copeland, the manager for nearly twenty years of the Theatre Royal and the Amphitheatre in that city, lately asking for the annual renewal of his license for the latter—minor—house, his application was resisted by an individual of the name of Caine, all the magistrates, till this person spoke, being willing to accord as usual the yearly permit to the Theatre. The gentleman, however, who bears this ill-omened name, thought fit to draw the attention of the Bench to the fact that Mr. Copeland had violated one of the clauses of the act or by-law on which the Theatre license was granted—that of *excluding* prostitutes, or, as this guardian of public morals, with unmanly censure, calls them, *bad women*, from his place of entertainment, broadly alleging that the applicant's Theatre was little better than a house of call for women of the town, where they formed their assignations, and carried out their customary avocations; and, unless Mr. Copeland was prepared to respect this clause in his license, and in future promise that all such characters—*bad women*—should be excluded from his establishment, he should oppose the renewal of the customary license.

Such, in substance, though not exactly in words, was the gist of Mr. Caine's opposition; and the tenor of the remarks of the few others, who, taking heart of grace from his assertion, in a measure seconded his narrow-minded view of the case. Mr. Copeland indignantly denied that his Theatre was made a place of assignation, challenging the Bench to produce for years past, one instance of disorderly conduct or uproar in his Theatre, or one case on the Police Records against him; informed the Bench that, at his own cost, he paid the wages of two constables to attend to the order and decorum of his Theatre, one in the pit and one in the gallery, who were able to speak from night to night of the manner in which the Amphitheatre was conducted; and concluded by saying that if the magistrates would order an officer to be placed at each door of the theatre, to take the responsibility of saying what women should be admitted as *honest* women, and who should be *refused entrance*, he was prepared to pay all the expenses of such moral censorship; but as regarded turning females away from his doors, or from his theatre, so long as they conducted themselves in a peaceable and orderly manner, he distinctly and positively refused. As well may the sexton refuse an unfortunate girl entrance to a church, or a tradesman decline to supply her with goods, because of her immoral life, or the disturbance in which she was reputed to have been engaged a few days before, as for a manager to shut his doors to a female who may go there for a few hours' rational amusement, and, for all that he can tell to the contrary, for moral improvement. The idea, then, of excluding such unfortunates from an intellectual recreation, as long as they keep to themselves and are well conducted, is simply tyranny; and to threaten to close a theatre and rob thousands of their greatest recreation, and make the many suffer for the prejudice of the few, because a manager refuses to make himself an instrument of petty tyranny, is an outrage on common sense. The fact of a patent theatre, such as the Theatre Royal at Liverpool, held in license directly from the Crown or Lord Chamberlain, being unhampered by such ridiculous restrictions, while a paltry local town permit is encumbered with such obstacles, is sufficiently remarkable; but when the Bench attempts to enforce an unlawful power, its futile efforts only inspired contempt. After a vast amount of idle talk and bigoted twaddle, it was finally discovered that the by-law on which the magistrates had hitherto been coercing the Theatre *was illegal;* and, discovering they had no power to enforce their wishes, Mr. Copeland was finally granted the renewal of his license for the Amphitheatre—a decision which it was hoped would have the effect of forever checking such useless opposition to theatrical licenses.

MR. AND MRS CHARLES KEAN concluded an engagement at Melbourne April 30th. They were then to proceed to Sandhurst, one of the mining towns, where the inhabitants had entered into a public subscription, in order to guarantee them £100 per night. After their visit to Sandhurst Mr. and Mrs. Kean intended to pass a week at Victoria, where they proposed to give readings, and afterwards they were to proceed to Sydney, to play in twelve farewell performances. Mr. and Mrs. Kean were to proceed to California about the middle of June, and so on to England by way of New York.

SOTHERN, having comparatively failed at the Haymarket, London, in "David Garrick," has taken up Dundreary again, and made his appearance there on June 13th in a farce called "Dundreary Married and Done For," written by Byron. The *Post* says of the piece: "Dundreary is located in one of the prettiest rural villas with all requisite appliances of personal comfort; yet tribulations assail him on every side. There is no end to the worry that matrimony has brought upon him. His Georgiana, now transformed into Lady Dundreary, has cast allegiance to the wind, defies his authority, and lives in a state of chronic rebellion. His mother-in-law, now Lady Edward Trenchard—who, having been married three times, deems herself an oracle in all matters relating to the management of husbands—is invariably the leader of the revolt. In that unamiable character she is perpetually instigating both her daughter and her servants to deeds of the most audacious insubordination. Meantime Dundreary's 'friends' sponge upon him unconscionably, wearing his clothes, breaking his guns and fishing rods, stealing his 'weeds,' and using his house as if it were an inn, with this distinction only, that they pay no scores. All the characters who figure in the 'American Cousin' are introduced anew, but generally in a very different guise from that in which they originally appeared. Thus Asa Trenchard, freed from his Yankeeisms, has settled down into an English farmer of the most genial type; Sir Edward Trenchard has taken Mrs. Mountchessing ton to wife; Binney, the butler, and Buddicombe, the valet, have expanded both in person and importance into the fullest blown developments of flunkeyism; and Abel Murcott metamorphosed from a sot into the scarcely less odious character of a 'saint,' goes about, with sleek hair and superabundant white choker, to solicit subscriptions for a society instituted for the philanthropic purpose of providing tooth-picks for the savages on the South-Western coast of Africa. Surrounded by knaves and parasites, Dundreary has a weary life of it; but Dundreary's philosophy breaking down at last, he turns 'Turk' upon his tormentors, bundles the whole lot of them out of the house, and in the ecstacy of his triumph knocks up against the footman, and smashes a tea service into atoms, with which noble catastrophe the play ends."

MEYERBEER, it now leaks out, used to bribe the press awfully, a scandalous gossiper on the peculiarities of the great dead, says that before Meyerbeer brought out a new opera or revived an old one which had been some months on the bills, he invited all the leading musical critics to dine with him at the Trois Freres, where he gave them the most sumptuous entertainment the head cook could imagine. How can a fellow of decent feeling write harshly of a man who has been pouring the choicest vintages of France, and the most delicate tit-bits of sea, air, forest, orchard and garden down one's throat? Try it. You will find the thing impossible. This custom is deplorable, for it sensibly militates against the independence and truth of the Press. But this was not the worst act of Meyerbeer. There were few musical critics in Paris who were not in receipt of annual pensions from Meyerbeer. These pensions were no trifling gratuities, but solid pensions of several hundred dollars, and in one or two instances they exceeded a thousand dollars annually. There were critics who had been in receipt of large pensions from him since 1831. Meyerbeer did not content himself with paying them pensions and good dinners; he also made a point of duty to give them costly presents on their name days and on New Year's day. Meyerbeer used to defend this custom by saying that he did not lay those gentlemen under obligations, *he* was the person obliged, and could not see any objection to his giving evidence of his gratitude to them for the substantial service they had rendered him. The habit was unpardonable, and was solely due to what Carl Von Weber called the "accursed desire of success."

MR. DEACON, the well-known proprietor of Deacon's Music Hall, Sadler's Wells, London, Eng., sustained severe injuries to the face, and was otherwise much shaken, in a late lamentable railway accident at Egham.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
Have opened their
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT HALL,
199 and 201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring street,
ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 27,
which, for
SOUND, SIGHT, AND VENTILATION,
Excels any similar place of amusement in America.
The Company comprises the following
TALENTED ARTISTS,
which combine
ALL THE ELEMENTS KNOWN IN
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.
ARRAY OF ARTISTS:

W. S. BUDWORTH,	NED DAVIS,	JOHN WHITING,
R. MACAIRE,	FRANK LESLIE,	M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
N. W. GOULD,	J. T. GULICK,	ADOLPH NICHOLS,
W. HODGKINS,	ROBERT NICHOLS,	JOSEPH BAILEY,
J. LIVINGSTON,	AUGUST EBEN,	MASTER COLLINS.

The whole constituting a galaxy of
COMIC, MUSICAL, AND INSTRUMENTAL TALENT,
to approach which the Management emphatically
CHALLENGE THE WORLD.
Tickets, 25 cents. Orchestra Seats, 50 cents.
12-tf M. C. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HOUSE IN THE CITY.
IMMENSE ATTRACTION
BY THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
MONDAY, July 4th, and every evening during the week,
HAMLET AND HIS MOTHER.
THOUGHTFUL EMOTIONS,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE,
THE OLD MAID'S LAMENT,
DON'T GET WEARY,
&c., &c., by
Frank Brower, Frank Moran, Cool White, C. Henry, C. G. Lockwood, J. W. Glenn, H. Schwicardi, Isaacs Brothers, J. Leis, W. Patterson, T. Schapcott, &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
JULY 4th, A GRAND MATINEE, at 2½ o'clock.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 13

THOMAS BAKER'S Popular Orchestral Music.--
The Original Music arranged by him to the following Dramas, Spectacles, Pantomimes, Burlesques and Entre Actes can be had for large or small Bands: THE COLLEEN BAWN, JEANNIE DEANS, FLOWERS OF THE FORREST, GREEN BUSHES, "FAUSTUS," MARBLE HEART, PEEP O' DAY BOYS, ROBINSON CRUSOE, THE ELVES, THE SEVEN SISTERS, BLUE BEARD, GOLDEN EGG, SPIRIT OF THE FLOOD, NORMA, FORTUNIO, TROVATORE, &c. OPERATIC SELECTIONS—from all the most popular Operas, including FAUST, IONE and ORPHEE. QUADRILLES—from all the Operas, including HIBERNIAN (Irish), JEANNIE DEANS (Scotch). AMERICAN BALLADS (Ethiopian), MEDLEYS, &c. THE THALIA WALTZ. Polkas—THE IRVING, WOODLAND MURMURS, POLKA MAZOURKA, from Faust, by application to
THOMAS BAKER, Olympic Theatre, and
52 St. Mark's Place, 8th street, New York.
The THALIA WALTZ and IRVING POLKA, are published for Piano, beautifully illustrated with portaits of MRS. JOHN WOOD and MISS HENRIETTA IRVING; also, the Woodland Murmurs Polka. To be had at all music stores. 13-1t*

BOSTON MUSEUM,
TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
From the
AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK,
will open for the Summer Season
ON
THURSDAY, JULY 7th, 1864.
13-tf R. W. BUTLER, Manager.

MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
Has just added to her already extensive repertoire,
THREE NEW PIECES,
together with her celebrated horse
WONDER,
and is now prepared to negotiate with managers for the coming season.
Address care of Lafarge House.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN of acknowledged talents and respectability, desiring engagements for the fall and winter season with a Travelling Dramatic Company, will address L. T. G., Box 1173, Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa. 13-2t*

FRONT STREET THEATRE,
BALTIMORE.
Stars desiring nights at the above Theatre for the coming season of 1864-5, will please address, immediately,
GEORGE KUNKLE, Manager.
Wanted for this Theatre, a good SCENIC ARTIST. Address as above. 13-1t

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GREAT CENTRAL
STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
LOCATED AT HARTFORD, CONN.,
Midway between New York and Boston,
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POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, AND SHOW WORK,
Of all kinds, executed in a superior style of Workmanship.
THE GREAT HEAD QUARTERS
In the Eastern States
For Concert and Theatrical Managers, Minstrel Troupes, Showmen, and of the Grand Chapter of Royal Fakirs.
☞ Reference is given to all the leading responsible Managers throughout the country. 13-3m*

FRANKLIN MUSIC HALL, York, Pa.
THOMAS HORNER.....Proprietor.
J. S. BERRY.....Stage Manager.
Wanted for the above Music Hall,
A LADY VOCALIST, AND A DANSEUSE.
Those capable of going in Farces prefered. Apply personally, or by letter, to J. S. BERRY, 60 Norfolk street, N. Y. City, or to THOMAS HORNER, York, Pa. 13-1t*

TO THEATR'ICAL and MUSIC HALL Managers.
Being disengaged at present, I offer my services as Stage Manager of a Theatre or First Class Music Hall.
Address MONS. LA THORNE,
13-1t* care of New York CLIPPER.

MISS KATE RAYMOND,
THE DASHING EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
AND BEST HORSEWOMAN UPON THE AMERICAN STAGE,
Having concluded a most successful engagement of Thirteen Weeks, at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the ensuing season, with or without horse. Her repertoire comprises all the old Horse Pieces, together with several new ones written expressly for her.
Managers desiring the services of this lady will please address
13-1t* KATE RAYMOND, CLIPPER Office.

WANTED---Immediately, at the Canterbury Hall,
HARRISBURG, Pa., SIX (6) First Class DANSEUSES.
Address JOE MILLER, Business Agent,
12.3t Box 39, Harrisburg, Pa.

TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELS.--A Situation
WANTED BY A WENCH DANCER and Personator of Female Characters, capable of taking parts in Farces and Burlesques. Address PETE FISHER, Barnum's Museum. 13-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY--A First-Class Cornet
PLAYER for HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, Brooklyn. 13-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
LATE "WALLACK'S."
BROADWAY CORNER OF BROOME STREET.
LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.
CELEBRATION
OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR
NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.
LAST APPEARANCE
OF
MR. F. S. CHANFRAU.
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 4th,
will be presented Dion Boucicault's great play, in five acts, entitled
THE OCTOROON.
produced with
ENTIRE NEW SCENERY,
MECHANICAL EFFECTS, &c., &c.
Salem Scudder.....Mr. F. S. Chanfrau
Zoe (an Octoroon).....Miss Jennie Parker
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8 o'clock.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
1776. EAGLE. 1864.
GLORIOUS FOURTH OF JULY.
TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES.
Monday Evening, at 7 o'clock, the drama of the
SOAPFAT MAN.
The Scotch drama of
ELSHIE, THE WIZARD OF THE MOOR.
New drama of
OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.
The old favorite
JACK SHEPPARD.
SINGING AND DANCING.
FUN. FUN.
TUESDAY EVENING, July 5,
the drama of
A THIRST FOR GOLD.
NATIONAL DEFENCES.
PADDY CAREY.

OH! BEWARE OF RICHMOND, Indiana, where the authorities have power to charge Hall Shows $35 per night.

A CARD FOR THE BENEFIT OF TRAVELLING MINSTREL TROUPES AND THE PROFESSION GENERALLY.—Beware of the BLEEDING Richmond, the infamous, the degraded, noted swindling, little outpost Village, situated on some Canal (I think on the Canal of rascality), between Dayton, Ohio, and the celebrated City of Indianapolis, Indiana, where the authorities charge Minstrel Troupes and all Hall Shows a license of fifteen to thirty-five dollars per night, and the same authorities have full power to charge $35 license per evening for each and every Concert or entertainment given in their little God-forsaken, rascally, little Country Village. We gave two Concerts at this unmentionable place on the 27th and 28th of June, and we had to pay a license of $25 50 in cash, and six dollars worth of fifty cent tickets, which made our license $31 50 for two evenings. Shame! Shame!! Shame!! upon such authorities and the people that uphold such naked and undeniable facts. We were informed that they charged us less license than any other Troupe that has visited the city the past year. Very consoling, indeed! from the would-be respectable authorities. Steubenville, Ohio, has a hard name for being mean to the Profession, but Richmond is a great many degrees meaner, and all respectable Troupes should shun it, unless they want to get victimized for thirty or sixty odd dollars. To the good people of Richmond (as there is no rule without an exception), and our extensive patrons and friends, we would say to them, accept our united good wishes and heartfelt thanks for the very liberal past favors received, and we should be pleased to visit you again in future, but never as long as the present corrupted authorities hold the reins of Government over your City.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
The $31 50 victimized Manager of
13-2t* Duprez & Green's Gigantic Minstrels.

AMERICAN THEATRE.
444 BROADWAY,
WILL CLOSE
immediately after the Performance on the 4th of July, for the SUMMER SEASON,
After one of the Grandest Successes in the History of Amusements for the past
FIVE YEARS,
During which the house will be thoroughly Renovated, Re-Painted, Decorated, &c.
WILL RE-OPEN
on or about the 15th of August, with
THE GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
which cannot be equalled in the world for
VARIETY AND TALENT.
13-tf ROB'T W. BUTLER, Manager.

THEATRE WANTED
THEATRE WANTED
For the Fall and Winter Season.
Address, stating rental, and other particulars,
BARNUM,
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THE BEST QUOIT GROUND IN THE CITY, in perfect order at all times.
A GOOD BILLIARD ROOM, where parties can enjoy a quiet Game, with Good Attendance.
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Matches Arranged.

JUNE 29 and 29.—St. George vs. Willow, at Bedford
29.—New York, 2d eleven, vs. Satellite, at Williamsburgh.
JULY 5 and 6.—New York vs. All Massachusetts, at Boston.
14 and 15.—St. George, vs. Boston, at Boston.

ANOTHER INTERESTING MATCH AT BEDFORD.

ST. GEORGE VS. WILLOW.

These clubs played their first match together this season on the Bedford cricket grounds on the 30th ult., unassisted by their professionals, the Willow also not playing either Sharp, Higham or Hudson. In fact, it was a contest arranged more to have an agreeable day's play rather than a trial of the strength of the two clubs. The weather was very auspicious in the morning, but the high wind rather interfered a little in the afternoon. The attendance, however, was not numerous, the match not being expected to be as interesting as it turned out. Messrs. Todd and Ford went to the bat on behalf of the St. George at 11:10 A. M., facing the bowling of Pierce and Lindsay, both good medium paced bowlers—the former especially. After scoring wides and byes to the amount of 7, Ford lost his leg stump to Lindsay, and retired in favor of J. W. Gordon, and he, in partnership with Todd, did about as lively and profitable a business at the bat for an hour and a half as we have seen this season, their aggregate score being 98, the second wicket falling for the handsome score of 111. This style of winning a match in a canter is rather new, at the same time it is highly illustrative of the glorious uncertainty of cricket. The game opened in a manner that led the St. Georges to doubt the result being in their favor, and yet before the second wicket was down their chances of a victory were almost fifty to one. After these two batsmen had been got rid of by two good catches—one by Sprague, at slip, and the other by Dodworth, at wicket—the game took a turn more favorable to the prospects of the Willow party, as wicket after wicket went down for less than average scores, the last falling for a total of 146, of which Todd had contributed 68, consisting of three sixes—two leg hits and a driver—two drives for four each, four threes—all drives—nine twos and singles. Considering the good bowling and fielding Todd had against him, this score may be set down as the best of the season thus far. J. W. Gordon's share was 30, marked by two leg hits for four each, a drive and a cut for three each, two twos and singles, Houghton's 6 being the next highest score of the innings. The fielding in this match was very good, considering the little practice the Willows have had this season, that of C. Stokes being specially noteworthy, his long stopping being a feature of the game. The two Gisbornes, too, were active and efficient in the field, and Dodworth did service at the wicket. Stokes only allowed two balls to pass him while in the position of long stop, and had the swift bowling of Sprague to attend to. Pearce marked his fielding at slip with a pretty catch, but it was not given out. At 2:45, after lunch, the Willows went in to the bat against the bowling of Todd and Kendall—Todd sending in good length medium paced balls, and Kendall very effective slows. The former the Willows defended their stumps against well, but the latter bothered them considerably, Torrance and Jolly being the only batsmen who succeeded in securing double figures off it. Pearce played rather timidly at the slows for such a good bat as he is. In an hour and twenty minutes the whole eleven had been disposed of for a total of 62, of which 50 were off the bat, Torrance's share being 17, marked by a three drive and five twos, and Jolly's 10—a drive and leg hit for a three and a two, being prominent. Pearce had only secured an average score when he was caught napping by the active Todd, who was on the alert to take all the chances that were offered—Todd taking the bails off while Pearce was promenading outside the popping crease. The fielding of the St. Georges was very good throughout, Vanderlip's long stopping being noticeable. Mumford, Outerbridge and the two Gordons did good service, and Kendall was active around the wickets, Ford marking his play with two catches. As the Willows were 60 runs behind the score of their opponents, it being one day's play only, they followed their innings, the party going in to get 85 runs to save a defeat in one innings; and they not only achieved this desirable result, but ran up a total score of 173 with the loss of seven wickets only. The time for drawing stumps put an end to a game that, if it had been one of two days' play, would probably have ended in a victory for the Willow. This fine score in the second innings was chiefly owing to the efforts of North and Pearce, who, together, not only broke down the bowling, but ran up the handsome aggregate score of 74, North's share being 42, consisting of a leg hit for four threes, three twos, and creditably obtained singles, Pearce's 34 being marked with a leg hit for five, two drives for three each, and seven twos. Torrance and C. Gisborne made a good stand also towards the latter part of the game, the former obtaining 30, and the latter 21, fine hits for threes being prominent on Torrance's score, and twos on that of Gisborne. It must be said, however, that the fielding of the St. George at this time was far below the mark of their earlier play, they being not only tired out, but apparently indifferent as to the result of the innings, knowing, as they did, that the game had previously been lost and won. C. Stokes acted as substitute for an absent St. George man in this innings, and while in the position made a lovely catch off Pearce's bat, the prettiest we have seen for a long while, but the Umpires did not see it clearly enough to give Pearce out. Thus closed a very interesting and enjoyable day's play, the defeat the Willows sustained being offset by the benefit they obtained by the day's practice, which was something they wanted badly enough. The score:—

ST. GEORGE		WILLOW.	
Todd c Dodworth b Pearce	68	Stokes c Ford b Kendall	2
Ford b Lindsay	0	Torrance run out	17
J W Gordon c Picket b Pearce	30	Dodworth c Ford b Kendall	5
Mumford b Pearce	0	Pearce run out	7
Houghton b Pearce	6	C Gisborne b Kendall	0
Kendall b Sprague	1	Lindsay b Kendall	4
Outerbridge b Pearce	0	H Gisborne b Todd	1
Gordon b Pearce	2	Picket b Kendall	2
Vanderlip run out	4	Jolly c Mumford b Todd	10
Sinclair run out	0	Wakefield b Kendall	2
Scrivner not out	1	North not out	0
Byes, 18, leg byes 7, wides 9...34		Byes 8, leg bye 1, wides 3....12	
Total.....146		Total.....62	

Umpires—Messrs. H. Wright and Hudson.
Time of the game—three hours and forty-five minutes.

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

St. George.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Todd	72	21	3	2	3
Kendall	66	20	2	6	0
WILLOW.					
Pearce	128	32	7	6	6
Lindsay	48	35	1	1	1
C. Stokes	24	32	1	0	0
Sprague	54	12	4	1	0

In the second innings, the Willows—who had to follow their innings—scored a total of 173 runs; North getting 42, Pearce 34, Torrance 30, C. Gisborne 21; Dodworth's 8 being the only other average score.

OFF FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—As we stated last week, two battalions of cricketers, numbering eleven each, leave New York on Saturday for the purpose of invading the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, where, on the 4th, 5th and 6th inst., they hope and expect to capture an equal number of bat-talions of that community. Whether they will succeed, remains a question to be proven. The first skirmish will be between the second elevens of the New York and Boston clubs; the second will be between eleven of the New York and an eleven selected from several clubs of Massachusetts. They anticipate a good time, and we hope their anticipations will be fully realised.

SPORTS ABROAD.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS IN BRIEF.—Just before going to press we received our usual batch of foreign papers, but have only space for a brief resume..... Jem Mace has resigned the British championship, and will fight no more after his battle with Coburn.... Sam Hurst has had a silver cup presented to him by some Sheffield blades..... Doubts are already beginning to be expressed of Coburn and Mace ever being able to pull off their great fight in Ireland, owing to danger of police interference..... Joe Wormald defeated George Iles, near London, for £25 a side, at catch weight, on June 15. Wormald proving the victor in 24 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 8 minutes. Both are big 'uns. Full particulars will be given in our next.

HOW JOE COBURN WAS "DONE" BY THE NOTTINGHAM DUFFERS.

AND HOW THE CHAMPION AND JIM CUSICK GOT SQUARE.

JOE COBURN has been "done"—decidedly "done." The Nottingham "fancy" has signalized itself most unmistakably, or if not the "fancy" exactly, some parties representing it. How the matter was brought about we are going to relate, and when we have done we feel certain that our readers will be as ready to sympathise with the American boxer as ourselves. The Nottingham public were astonished to find on Sunday, June 3, the walls of the town plentifully placarded with double demy posters, which stated that Joe Coburn, with his trainer Cusick, and the whole of the Nottingham fighting fraternity would appear at Francom's Circus on the two following evenings, Monday and Tuesday. This announcement, as may readily be imagined, created a wonderful sensation. Every mouth was agape with the remarkable news, and in less time than it would take to utter the name of that legendary myth, "Jack Robinson," all the town was in a state of amazed excitement. The news, in fact, appeared so startling, that there were many who believed that the whole affair was intended as a hoax. The very idea that a man of Coburn's calibre and skill in the noblest art, who had come to England for the express purpose of whipping the cleverest exponent of the fistic art who ever breathed, coming to a town like Nottingham to make his first appearance before an English public, was preposterous. Time, however, passed on, and Monday came, and with it also the veritable Joe and his gentlemanly mentor, Cusick and Jim Dunn, who were met at the station by Mitchell, the Shakesperian Clown and Jester, who is, we believe, a native of Nottingham. To say that Coburn was in good health, in a training sense, would be an exaggeration. True enough, he was as well as most men are, but he had not that rosy glow about his countenance, and that light elastic step which stamps the trained fighting man. Notwithstanding this, however, there was that about him which told plainly that he is not a mere lump of flesh to be beaten like the infant of Staleybridge into a pulp in no time. He is a superb model of humanity—a second Heenan in form, if not in height and bulk. Joe, to our mind, has definitely settled one question upon which we have lately been somewhat thoughtful. He combines the *gentleman* with the pugilist. This convinces us fully that the American Ring stands in a far higher position than the English, inasmuch as while two Yankee prize-fighters, who have visited this country, have both been *gentlemen*, we have scarcely a man of our own who can legitimately lay title to that character. But to continue our account. Coburn appeared at the circus, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. But poor Joe was sadly out of his element. Instead of the circus—a large wooden building on the Mansfield road—being occupied with a respectable circus company, as he had been led to expect, he found that the performers were mainly composed of the scum of the Nottingham pugs. Besides this, the building was in a

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GREAT WORLD REMOWNED

SHOWMAN,
YANKEE ROBINSON,
Is coming again with an entire
NEW AND MONSTROUS BIG SHOW.
THE ONLY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.
After an absence of several years, the self same
OLD ORIGINAL "YANKEE" ROBINSON,
(let reports be what they may,) will make his appearance with that
SAME OLD HAT AND GUN,
together with any quantity of
NEW AND CUTE THINGS
TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.
As his name has so long been identified with
"BIG SHOWS," &c., &c.,
"GOOD SHOWS," &c., &c.,
IT HAS COMPELLED
HIM TO INVEST
A COMPLETE FORTUNE
TO ORGANISE AN ESTABLISHMENT
COMMENSURATE WITH
PUBLIC ANTICIPATION,
and is
COMING WITH A GRAND
COMBINATION OF NEW AND
PLEASING NOVELTIES,
heretofore overlooked by all caterers.
HIS NEW BIG SHOW,
as near as can be rendered portable, is not unlike some of the
GREAT PLACES OF AMUSEMENT
IN THE EASTERN CITIES.
EVERYTHING THAT
MONEY CAN PURCHASE
OR INDUSTRY INVENT,
has been used with a lavish hand to
SURPASS
any traveling show ever organized.
OVER THIRTY PERFORMERS,
LADIES,
GENTLEMEN
and
CHILDREN,
Selected with great care from the
EASTERN CIRCUSES AND THEATRES,
for the express purpose of supporting
THE GREAT YANKEE ROBINSON,
in his
IMMENSE DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS,
as played by him in nearly all the first class theatres.
To give due effect, Yankee Robinson has, at enormous expense, constructed a
MAMMOTH ELEVATED PORTABLE STAGE,
and a large quantity (six horse loads) of
MAGNIFICENT and
LIFE LIKE SCENERY, and
ALL THE APPURTENANCES
TO ERECT A REGULAR
AND CONVENIENT
DRAMATIC TEMPLE
in a short space of time.
With the aid of these facilities he is enabled to present a series of entertainments
NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED
by any other manager. For be it known that Yankee Robinson is the only man who has successfully "Done the Drama up in a Rag."
SOMETHING NEW AND FUNNY
is what this fast age wants, and here we have it and no mistake. A combination equal to
CIRCUS,
THEATRE
and
ANIMAL SHOW.
Not an old fogy circus, but something up to the times.
"FOR THE ERA WE LIVE IN."
Don't fail to see Yankee Robinson's Great Sensation Drama, called the
UNIONIST'S DAUGHTER;
Or,
"STAND DOWN THE HALL,"
as played by him, and witnessed by near half a million people. This production has achieved a brilliant triumph, unparalleled in the annals of American Dramatic Literature, with its truthful representations of
"LIFE IN THE BORDER STATES,"
and
"TIMES THAT TRY US."
Immensely large and delighted audiences of the refined portion of the community have been moved to tears and convulsed with laughter at witnessing the trials, sufferings, hair breadth escapes, Yankee stratagems with the Guerillas and Sioux Indians, &c., &c., so vividly portrayed in this interesting Drama.
ANOTHER SET OF SPLENDID SCENERY AND MACHINERY,
has been constructed expressly to represent Yankee Robinson's New and Intensely Interesting and Thrilling Military Drama, called
THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA;
Or,
THE STORMING OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.
In which
OVER THIRTY MEN AND HORSES WILL APPEAR.
The large stage, ample scenery and machinery, with the spacious tent room, enables him to give as good a
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as can be done in any establishment in the world. Remember
THIS IS NOT DONE IN A CIRCUS RING, BUT ON AN ELABORATE
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EACH VISITOR CAN HAVE A FAIR VIEW OF THE ENTIRE PERFORMANCE.
ANOTHER ENTIRE NEW FEATURE
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The first ever done in a tent, will be produced at great expense, and in a magnificent style. It is impossible herein to describe their grandeur. Over $1,000 worth of
CHEMICALS AND BRILLIANTLY COLORED FIRES
are consumed during the season for this one item alone. The entertainment will commence with a splendid
TABLEAU OF GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF,
MOUNTED ON A STUD OF RICHLY CAPARISONED HORSES.
To be followed in quick succession by a Grand Melange of unsurpassed
ACROBATS, GYMNASTS AND OLYMPIANS FROM ALL NATIONS,
OLIO EXTRAORDINAIRE,
by the most beautiful Lady Balladists and Dansouses. The renowned Comic Vocalist,
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The only performer, male or female, that does these sublime, daring and skillful feats.
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From Hindostan, and his
EDUCATED ANIMALS, PONIES AND MONKEY RIDERS.
HERR THORWALDEN, FROM DENMARK,
THE MAN OF IRON MUSCLE AND LION STRENGTH.
This modern Samson will
LIFT TWO LARGE HORSES,
which will be done in the ring, fair and square, without the aid of machinery. Any amount of money to wager he will lift the celebrated Dr. Winship's load and him with it. He will also
OUT PULL ANY PAIR OF HORSES
that the farmers may produce. The DANE will also
GIVE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
FOR A TEAM THAT CAN OUT PULL HIM.
He is without doubt the finest formed man on earth.
It is utterly impossible in this space to enumerate but a small portion of the Programme. The numerous engravings displayed here are from
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LADIES AND CHILDREN UNACCOMPANIED WILL BE ESPECIALLY
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POLITE USHERS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE.
SEATS FOR ALL.
THREE SEPARATE TICKET OFFICES WILL BE OPENED, AND THERE
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DRAWN BY FOUR BEAUTIFUL STEEDS.
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After which the
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VANS OF BAGGAGE,
CAGES OF LIVING
WILD ANIMALS,
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A BAND EMBRACING THIRTEEN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
WILL GIVE A CONCERT IN THE SAME TENT.
TICKETS WILL BE SOLD ON THE SEATS.
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WILL VISIT ALL
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Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
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TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
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By the famous and ever popular
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The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
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of Fourteen Artistic Musicians, each one being a soloist and master of his peculiar instrument.
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of the nineteenth century, composed of the renowned Signor Gustavo Bidaux, J. E. Green, Edwin Holmes, and Gonsalvo Bishop, admitted by all good judges and critics to be the best Quartette ever heard in the profession.
A BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
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The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
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The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.

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Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted.
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PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT
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THE GREAT IRON CLADS
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The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
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POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
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THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
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Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
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THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
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JOHN M. KINNEY.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
The Varieties is now in the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed. 5-tf

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For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young fe-

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Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
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The Standard Music Hall of the Quaker City.
Wanted competent Artistes in the various departments connected with the Music Hall business.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
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The Fall and Winter season of this favorite establishment will commence August 15th—next.
Stars wishing nights, will address
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TO MANAGERS.

MISS A. HATHAWAY,
of the New Bowery Theatre, can be engaged for the coming season by addressing CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway. 5-3m*

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Ladies and gentleman wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

APOLLO THEATRE,

LEXINGTON, KY.
WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers.
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL
TERMS. 4-3m

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This popular establishment is now being thoroughly renovated, painted and upholstered, and will re-open AUGUST 24th, with a full dramatic and variety company. Ladies and gentlemen of versatility can make good engagements for the season. None but good performers need apply. Address as above. 10-5t*

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THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,

GEO. C. BONIFACE
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MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. H. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
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SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
585 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE
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JULY 4TH,
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ROBERT HELLER'S
NEW PROGRAMME,
By far more wondrous, more mystic, more astonishing and more instructive than his first; finishing every night with the extraordinary Phenomenon of
QUISBEE SPIRITUALISM,
being the production of
A LIVING, BREATHING GHOST,
Performing Inexplicable Handiwork,
IN A CHARMED DAVENPORT CABINET.
The most Illusory Illustration of what others term Spiritualism, but which, in reality,
IS PURE HELLERISM,
of anything yet attempted.
Doors open every evening at 7½; commence at 8.
☞ TWO PERFORMANCES ON JULY 4TH. 12-2t

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Under their Mammoth Pavilion,
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
G. D. RADEKER.....Treasurer.
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This Company is composed of some of the best talent in the country, among which will be found the following:—
J. V. CHADDUCK,
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NED KNEELAND,
MASTER FRANCIS,
W. Z. BUSH,
JOE DAVIDSON,
FRED. KNICKERBOCKER,
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Performers of acknowledged talent wishing engagements, address, stating salary, &c. THOMPSON & RADEKER,
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NOTICE.
The regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON will commence
On
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PERFORMERS OF TALENT
wishing engagements will please address as above. None but the VERY BEST ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION need apply. To such
GOOD SALARIES WILL BE PAID. 12

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original

FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
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FRED. HOFFMAN,	FRED. SHARPLEY,
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DICK BERTHELON.
The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, the youthful wonders, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays from the depot to the hotel, upon arriving in town, and each evening in front of the hall.
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Will be promptly attended to.
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THE GREATEST BARE BACK HORSEMAN,
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THE BEST VOLTIGUERS, VAULTERS and TUMBLERS,
and, in brief, the
FINEST CIRCUS COMPANY IN AMERICA.
Any manager or Managers wishing to test the capacity of their troupe can be accommodated by accepting this challenge through the columns of the Clipper. ROBINSON & HOWES,
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CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
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Are now making an extensive tour through the States and Canadas, being their
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MR. RAYNOR takes pleasure in announcing an engagement with the Great Comedian,
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Quartettes, Duets, Ballads, Comic Songs, Recitations, Comic Descriptions, &c., &c.
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By a Combination of the leading members of the Ethiopian Profession.
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Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability desiring engagements, for the Fall and Winter season, will address.
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Leader and Instructor Wanted.—A steady, respectable, well qualified person can have a permanent situation with an A 1, sure paying company. Address, with qualifications, salary expected, former position, &c., "M," care of Clarry & Reilley, 12 Spruce street, New York. 12-2t*

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